



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

JUV

820.42

HN 26TW X

juv 820.42
KC 220



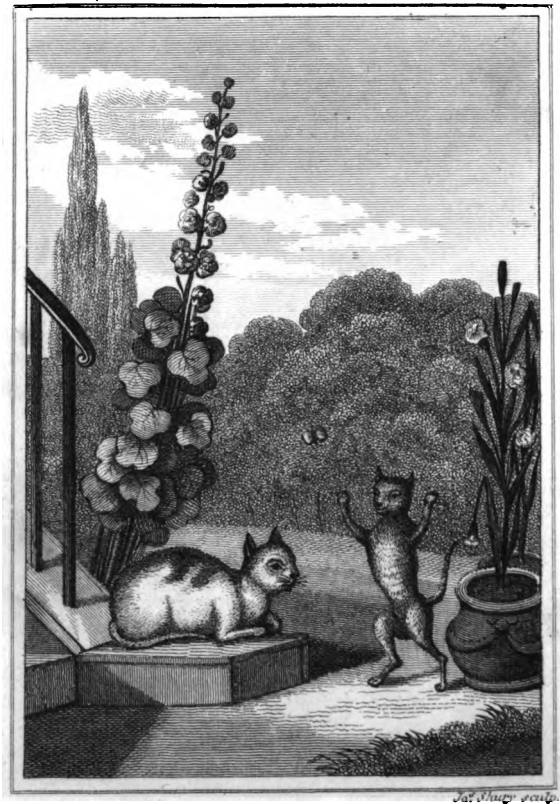
HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY



Katherine Lawrence

October 1823.

44



The Cat & her Kitten?

THE
NEIGHBOURHOOD ;

OR,
EVENINGS ABROAD :

BEING

Original Tales, Narratives, & Fables,

FOUNDED ON FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS DRAWN FROM LIFE,
AND INTENDED FOR THE USE AND INFORMATION OF
THE RISING GENERATION.

EDITED AND ARRANGED
BY FRANCES FAIRTHOUGHT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

London :
PRINTED FOR PINNOCK AND MAUNDER,
MENTORIAN PRESS, 267, STRAND,

1820.

juv 820.42

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

OF THE

MRS EDWARD LAMB

June 13, 1940

Printed by W. Clowes, Northumberland-court, Strand.

INTRODUCTION.

THE neighbourhood of C——d——e, (like many other neighbourhoods,) visited and played cards, made excursions and observations, settled the politics of the country, followed the fashion, yet stopping short of its excess, and at the year's end concluded they had done nothing, for there had been no time for any thing to be done. It was not for lack of intellectual attainments that the good folks of C——d——e were deficient in more useful or beneficial occupations; they were, besides, of that class in society who think that hunting spoils a good ride, and shooting a good walk.

Thus predisposed, it may readily be imagined that only a regulator was wanting to marshal their powers, and direct their views to some determined end. There was a stock of

information acquired, with leisure to produce it; an impulse alone was required, when there arrived among them a stranger, whose character and conduct, after a short residence, became the means of giving that impulse, and of exercising talents hitherto dormant.

This gentleman was at first regarded as a mere man of business; he had no time unoccupied; his visitors in the forenoon always found him employed. This employment he took care from the first should not be interrupted. The indolent became tired of themselves in his company, and those who understood the value of time, soon profited by his example. With all this, Mr. — was fond of social intercourse, and, at the proper seasons, gave himself up to its enjoyment.

He had travelled much, though more by sea than by land; and had acquired more by observation than by reading; he possessed the singular art of listening, and the power of drawing out the talents of others: and also of directing the proper means to the proper ends, when over-

looked by those who were most concerned in their application. He soon became the arbitrator in all differences, and the director of the most important concerns of the neighbourhood.

The suavity of his temper was so conspicuous in his countenance, that no skill in physiognomy was necessary to decide on the disposition of his mind. Without the affectation of considering all time mispent that was devoted to cards, or diversions of that kind, he contrived that they should only fill up intervals in the long winter evenings; in those of the summer, allowing a more extensive range of intercourse, and including a greater variety of character, conversation was almost exclusively maintained. Events and observations, reflections and remarks, became often so interesting, that at a moment when the improvement of the rising generation was the topic of discourse, Mr. — proposed the plan of collecting these fragments, and communicating them to the public, in the form of Tales, Narratives,

or Fables, under the title of the NEIGHBOURHOOD, or EVENINGS ABROAD; with the same intention, though at an humble distance, as that which suggested the *Evenings at Home*.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Cat and her Kitten	1
The Reproof.....	24
A Bit of Fun.....	35
Sally Preston	39
Fretwell Hall	50
The Lady-Birds' Nest.....	99
The Danger of Suretyship	106
Good Counsel	121
The Butcher and his Dog.....	149
The Shower	156
The Bullfinch	163

THE
NEIGHBOURHOOD,

OR,
EVENINGS ABROAD.

THE CAT AND HER KITTEN ;

OR, THE FOLLY OF ADVICE.

IT was one fine summer's morning, as puss and her kitten were basking in the sunshine, the old cat thought it a good opportunity to give her young one a word of advice, as she was about to leave her protection, and must soon shift for herself. Desiring her, therefore, to leave off playing with her tail, and listen attentively, she thus began :

“ You are of an age, my dear Tibby, to understand that what I am going to

tell you is for your own good ; and, if you are not as foolish as men and women, you may profit by the experience of another.

“ I will tell you my history, which may serve you as a lesson through life. But, before I begin, I must say something upon your conduct at present. You are at this moment biting and destroying the buds of that carnation, as fast as you can ; and I assure you that nothing will sooner turn you out of a place, than doing mischief in the garden.”

Just at this instant Tibby, whose attention was divided between her mother's sage counsel, and a gaudy butterfly, made a sudden spring ; and, though she did not succeed in catching it, she unluckily snapped the stalk of a beautiful tulip which grew close by.

The old cat flirted her tail in great

anger. "I see how it is," cried she, "all my cautions will be thrown away, the vain pleasures of the world are alike pursued by men and cats. That tulip which you have so carelessly crushed, was planted by our young mistress, to whose kindness it is owing that I ever came into this family."

"Indeed, mother," said the kitten, "I am very sorry for what has happened, but I promise you I will be more steady in future; and if you will but go on with what you were saying, I will sit so still that if even a mouse were to run across the path, I would not stir."

"That, Tibby," replied her mother, "is more than I should require; and, indeed, I am sorry to say, you are by no means so eager in quest of mice as I could wish to see you. Yesterday afternoon, when, for the first time in your

life, you caught one, and I was watching for you in the parlour, hoping, with a mother's pride, to see you enter with it in your mouth, and shew the family you could be useful, when, after waiting a considerable time, I went to seek you, I found you peeping about under a goose-berry-bush, and you asked *me* if I had seen any thing of it.

“ This morning, again, when I left you with a strict charge not to leave the hole at the pantry-door, till you had secured a mouse ; on my return you had left your post, and was trying, with all your might, to get your four feet upon a ball, which, if it were possible, is certainly of no use.”

The kitten then settled herself into an attentive posture, when the old cat, adjusting her whiskers, thus began :

“ I was brought up in a stable, along

with a brother and sister ; unfortunately for us, our mother was too fond of pleasure to like the confinement of the place, so we were often left for hours together with no better amusement than to bite and scratch each other.

“ Upon our mother’s return, she would fondle and pur over us, tell us how happy we were to have such a snug place; that few cats were half so well off, hoped we should always be good kittens, and stay at home, which, she assured us, was the only place for true happiness.

“ In short, her advice was excellent, but, as she never set us the example, we did not attend to it; for, after giving us these lectures on staying at home, as soon as she thought we were fast asleep, away she would creep, when, scrambling over the top of the door, we saw no more of her till day-light.

“ We were now grown strong enough to run about, and I was determined to make the most of my liberty. So one day, whilst the others were frisking about the stable-yard, I slipped out unnoticed into the fields.

“ I shall never forget the joy I felt in scampering over the grass, and playing with every leaf which fell from the trees ; all that I saw served me for sport ; as for food, I thought it a trifle in comparison with my liberty, having had a good meal before I set out.

Night, however, came on, and I began to think I might as well return to the stable, and get my supper ; so I turned, (as I thought) right for my home, and, setting off full trot, imagined I should get there presently.

“ But when, after crossing many fields, I saw nothing of my home, I be-

gan to be frightened, and, by this time, very hungry.

“ For the first time, though not for the last, I repented not having followed my mother’s advice. But it was now too late. I had completely lost myself, and was in danger of perishing from hunger. Quite exhausted, I sat down under a hedge, and, after mewing most piteously, thinking perhaps my mother would hear me, I fell fast asleep.

“ I awoke early, refreshed indeed by sleep, but as hungry as ever. Oh ! how I thought of the mice that used to run about the stable, and which, at that time, I was too idle to care for, or catch.

“ I once more thought of reaching my home, supposing that if I went on, I must arrive there at last ; when after travelling a great way, I came to a wood, and, peeping about among the trees, had the good luck to find a dead bird. This

was an unexpected prize. I growled over it for some time, to deter any one who might be so daring as to attempt taking it from me ; I have since found this to be a very foolish notion, having very often lost a tit-bit by the very means I took to secure it.

“ To return, having satisfied my hunger, I was in high spirits, and again began to frolick about ; soon after which I discovered a nest of field-mice ; my heart beat with the fear of their escaping me, but I was fortunate enough to secure a fine one ; so I now thought myself quite independent, and, as there seemed no chance of finding my home again, I resolved to make myself as happy as I could.

“ Necessity soon made me very dexterous in catching birds and mice, of which there were plenty. I slept at nights in the hollow of a tree, and upon the whole passed my time very pleasantly, being

only a silly kitten, and looking no farther than the present moment. Winter, however, approached, a season of which I had not had any experience ; and, as it drew on, the means of my subsistence began to fail. The birds forsook the woods, to be nearer the houses, and the mice hardly ever stirred out ; a heavy fall of snow coming on, I found if I remained there, I should be starved to death.

“ So, one moonlight night, I left the wood, and took the first road that chance presented.

“ After going a considerable way, I saw some cottages at a distance, and having heard from my mother that cats were very serviceable to man, I thought of course I must be a welcome guest any where. But here all was close shut, and I waited patiently till chance should give me an opportunity of entering.

“ Day now appearing, I heard some stirring in the house, and soon after the door opened, and a girl came out with a pitcher in her hand ; as she left the door a little open, I had an opportunity of surveying the place. A woman was sitting with a child in her lap, watching something which was boiling on the fire ; not choosing to make my appearance too abruptly, I stole in, and, getting into a corner, I observed what was going on. The bread and milk which had been in preparation was now poured out, and the child given into the lap of the girl to feed it, while the mother was otherwise employed. The mess being rather too warm, and the baby very impatient, the girl placed herself with her back to the basin, that the child might not see it, till it was quite ready ; and while she was attempting to quiet, or rather to drown,

its noise with her own, I, who found the temptation too much, stole up behind her, and was just beginning to lap, when, at that unlucky moment, she turned round, and, aiming a blow, myself and the milk were in a moment on the ground. The mother, on hearing the noise, came in, and, seeing what had happened, began to scold the girl, the girl to explain the cause; and, in the midst of this clatter, I contrived to make my escape.

“ I ran a great way without stopping, but, finding no one in pursuit, I slackened my pace. It was not long before another door presented itself, towards which I crept. I had not waited long when an old woman came out, and, seeing me, did not express any thing discouraging. ‘ Well, puss,’ said she, ‘ who do you belong to?’ I looked at her, as much as to say, ‘ to you, if you please.’ The old

woman put out her hand and stroked me ; this I took for a good omen, and, being of a free disposition, I entered, and seating myself by the fire, began washing my face, hoping I had at last found a home.

“ When the old woman had finished her meal, she gave me a little milk and water, which, though very poor, I was very thankful for, and resolved to behave well in this place, if I was permitted to stay.

“ Presently my mistress put on her bonnet to go out, and, as I had never moved from the fire since I came in, ventured to leave me in possession of the hearth. As soon as she was gone, I began to look about me ; and having a great deal of curiosity, I examined every thing in the place.

“ The smell of the cupboard soon attracted me ; and here all my good re-

solutions were about to fail me, and I should certainly have been imprudent enough to have helped myself, if I could have opened the door, (which was only secured by a button ;) I heard some one at the outer latch, and had but just time to drop from the door, and settle myself by the fire, when the old woman entered; I fancy she guessed what I had been attempting, for the first thing she did was to go and see that all was safe in her cupboard.

“ After dinner, my mistress took up her knitting, and I composed myself to sleep; towards evening, as I still lay on the warm hearth (a luxury I thought I could never have enough of,) a neighbour entered, who, observing me, said, ‘ Why, this is not your Tom ! ’ ‘ No,’ replied the old dame, ‘ I sold him last week to the young gentlemen belonging to the great

school on the hill ; it was a holiday, and they wanted to try the spirit of their dogs ; as Tom was such a fine fierce cat, they thought he would make excellent sport.'

“ ‘ What then ! did you sell your poor cat to be worried by dogs ? instead of which it would have been more proper to have acquainted their master.’

“ ‘ Oh !’ cried the old woman, ‘ it would have been of no use, their master has enough to do to teach them Greek and Latin ; he never interferes with their amusements. To be sure I was sorry to part with poor Tom, who used to follow me about the house, and was such company for me ; but they offered so handsome a price, that I thought it was a pity to disappoint such rich young gentlemen for the sake of a cat ; and now, you see, I’ve got another.’

“ ‘ Poor creature!’ said the woman, ‘ she appears to have been nearly starved.’ ‘ That may be,’ replied the other ; ‘ but she has had a good dinner to-day, for she eat till she left.’ This was true, for she had given me nothing but bones. She farther observed, that cats were very dainty, for Tom would never eat lobster-shells.

“ This was enough for me ; I discovered that, if I stayed here, I might serve to make sport for young gentlemen, or starve if I could not help myself.

“ From this time I meditated my escape, and accordingly took my departure. I had not gone far, when, meeting a dog running at a great rate, at which I took fright, I made the best of my way over a wall into a garden, and hid myself under a water-butt.

Here I remained for some time, till at last, venturing to creep out from beneath it, was perceived by one of the servants, who attempted to lay hold of me, but I shrunk back into my hiding-place, thinking that every one I saw was an enemy.

“ It happened, however, that this house was much infested with rats and mice, and a cat was in great request ; so every means was used to entice me from my hiding-place, and I was soon persuaded no harm was intended me.

“ In this family I shortly became a favourite, and lived in plenty and security ; the housekeeper sounded my praise from the bottom to the top of the house, for she could lock up her pastry in safety, without the fear of its being nibbled.

“ All went on well for some time, when unfortunately my master's eldest son took a fancy to keep rabbits ; and I,

who at that time saw little difference between them and rats, thought I could not do the family a better service than to destroy them. As I was continually upon the watch, I soon found an opportunity ; the young gentleman became tired of attending to them, and left the rabbits in charge to his servants ; I profited by their neglect, and soon found means of despatching three. This was not immediately discovered, and probably never would, had not my vanity on catching a fourth, prompted me to show my exploit ; so I carried up my prize, as I had been used to do, to shew the family how diligent I had been. But what was my consternation on finding myself seized and buffeted about the head till I let go my hold. I was then taken to the hutch, and beaten again, which I thought would have ended my punishment ; not so, for

on the discovery that more were destroyed, the young gentleman made a serious proposal for having me drowned.

“ From this fate I was saved by the pleadings of the housekeeper. They then tried to persuade the young gentleman, as he was tired of his rabbits, to send them away ; but this was not to be done. The perverse boy no sooner found that he was desired to part with them, than they became of value, and the point was at last settled by putting the hutch in a more secure place.

“ It was now summer, and I spent the greatest part of my time in the garden, watching and catching the sparrows.

“ My master observing me, said, ‘ What a fine bird-catcher this cat is, she saves me the trouble of shooting them, which I must otherwise do to preserve my cherries. So I was now in as

high favour as ever ; but again an unlucky circumstance brought me into disgrace. My mistress had bought a fine canary bird, of which she appeared extremely fond, and very reasonably (as she thought) imagined, I should know the difference between canary birds and sparrows.

“ This, however, was above my comprehension, and one day making a spring at the cage, it fell to the ground ; the noise brought in a servant, who soon rectified my mistake, by throwing a footstool at my head, which, missing its object, was brought in contact with a large china jar, and it was broken. This proved of more value than the canary bird, which made the mischief complete.

“ I found now there was nothing left but to hide myself till the storm had blown over, which I did beneath the water-tub, where I had at first taken

shelter ; here I remained till night, when, creeping out, I encountered the house-dog. We had always been very good friends, so I stopt to consult him on the nature of my situation ; I learned from him, that I must leave, as death or banishment had been determined on.

“ ‘ Indeed, Puss,’ said Ranger, ‘ I pity you very much, for I have myself suffered from the inconsistency of my masters ; indeed, I experience this every day, though upon the whole, I have a very good place. Sometimes when I bark, I am praised for my watchfulness ; at other times, I am scolded for making a noise. On my master’s return, I am at one time permitted to shew my fondness ; at another, I am beat off. But it is no wonder they should behave so to us, for I have observed the same conduct towards their children ; for the other day

my young master was throwing stones ; his father seeing him, said, ‘ Well done, my boy, you can hit a mark pretty well.’ This morning, with no more intention of mischief, he happened to break a window, for which he was severely punished, although he pleaded in excuse, that he was only trying to hit a mark, for which his father had before commended him.’

“ Here our conversation ended, and with much regret I took my leave, preferring my chance in banishment, to that of death.

“ Not to tire your patience, my next place afforded me simply shelter, for as to food, my careful mistress was too conscientious to regard the subsistence of animals, urging, that mice were their proper food ; of these, my vigilance and hunger soon cleared the place ; so one night, after breaking into a pigeon-pie,

I made my retreat, well knowing that no mercy would be shewn me.

“ At a sufficient distance from this place I was tempted to enter a house, from the caresses of some children who were playing at the door.

“ Here I was not only doomed to suffer in my own person, but, what was much worse, in those of my offspring ; for animals in this family were considered only as machines, and I had the misery to see my kittens made the playthings of the children, without the power to prevent their being tormented.

“ This family I did not, however, leave ; it left me, for, without any consideration for my fate, they moved off every thing but *me*. I took my station at the door, still lingering on the spot I had been accustomed to ; and here I was found by our present mistress, who, seeing

me in a most deplorable state, charitably took me under her protection, where I experience kindness without caprice ; and as I have learned to distinguish rabbits from rats, and that birds in cages are not to be eaten, I am in no danger of losing the favour of the family.

“ The lady to whom you are going is fond of cats, but she is also fond of her flower-garden ; let me therefore advise you (as you value a good place,)—” At this moment, turning round, the old Cat saw that all her advice was thrown away, for little Tibby was gamboling about in all directions, making wreck of whatever she came near. The mother would have given way to anger and vexation, but, feeling more inclined to go to sleep, curled herself round to take her nap, leaving Tibby and the flowers each to their fate.

THE REPROOF.

It was on a cold frosty morning, in the month of January, the family of Mr. Montague, consisting of himself, his wife, two daughters, and a younger son, were all sitting round the breakfast table conversing sociably together; Hector, a favourite dog, now grown old in their service, lay basking before the fire on a warm hearth-rug; and puss, no less important in her place, curled up in a snug button beside him; forming altogether a complete picture of domestic comfort and happiness, were interrupted by George Montague, an elder son, who eagerly addressing his father, "Mr. Meredith's compliments to you, papa, and requests my company to dine with him

to-day,—young Grenville is to be there, and Morton, and”—“ I am sorry to refuse Mr. Meredith,” said his father, “ or deprive you, my dear son, of any pleasure ; but you cannot go, the distance renders it impossible.”

“ I am to stay all night, sir, that is particularly understood.”

“ Recollect, George,” said Mr. Montague, “ that places are taken for you and your brothers to return to school to-morrow morning.”—“ True, papa ! I did forget that,” replied the son, musing some minutes—“ well then, I will return immediately after dinner,” resumed he ; “ yes, sir, you may depend on my coming home this evening.” “ Oh ! not for the world,” exclaimed the hitherto silent mother ! “ Not for the world should you walk it home at that time ; why the Merediths do not dine till seven, besides

your uncle is coming here this evening, and principally on your account."

Well knowing there was no answering this last argument, George, swelling with vexation at his disappointment, sullenly left the room, followed by Hector jumping and caressing him. The ill humour of the boy, no longer restrained by the presence of his parents, kindled into passion when left to himself; and having nothing but poor Hector on whom he could vent his anger, gave him a severe kick. The sudden cry of the animal brought Mr. Montague from the parlour, angrily demanding who had struck the dog. The servants answered that no one had struck him, only Master George had kicked him.—Now Master George no sooner heard his father's footsteps, than he made a hasty retreat into his own room, expecting every moment to

see him enter, and a long lecture ensue. All, however, remained quiet. Mr. Montague had made no remark; he rejoined his family in the parlour, where poor Hector already had taken shelter, whining most piteously.

Perhaps, thought George, after listening for some time, my father will not think about it—or it may be he means to mortify me before the whole family; if so, I will disappoint him by staying here, and reading the whole morning.—George began to read; but the dinner, the pleasure he had lost in not meeting his young friends, his father's anger, the kick he had given the dog—all came successively into his mind; and, flinging down the book, he went out, and in the course of his ramble, was joined by some young companions, whose gaieties soon

put to flight all unpleasant thoughts. George returned home in high spirits, and met the family in perfect good humour with himself: he would have forgotten that any thing had arisen to vex him, had not his brothers told him, that their mother had been wishing they had set off that morning for school, instead of the next.

“What for,” inquired George? “because you would not have been at home to hurt the dog.” “Indeed!” cried the petulant boy, “then my mother loves that animal better than her son; this is the first time she ever wished us away. Well, let me feel what I will, I am determined to set off in high spirits to-morrow;” and George now thought himself the injured party.

The day had closed in, and was suc-

ceeded by one of those tremendous foggy evenings, which makes it dangerous for man or beast to be abroad.

The tea equipage was just removed, and Mr. Montague desired one of his daughters to play him a favourite air, when George in a high tone remarked that his uncle had not come as was expected. "How could we expect him in such an evening as this?" said his mother; "do you not see the very house is full of fog?"

"Fog!" replied her son; "I do not mind foggy weather of a rush, I would walk twenty miles in it with pleasure." No answer was made to this boast; only Mr. Montague observed to his wife, that the evening put him in mind of the most memorable event of his life.

"I think it is sixteen years since"—
"Seventeen years, the twenty-eighth of

this month, my love, since it happened," said his wife ; " just two years before our George was born." " You have a better memory than me," replied Mr. Montague. " It was too strongly impressed on my mind ever to forget it," resumed she.

The daughters begged their father to tell them the particulars.

" We lived at Twickenham, and I had dined that day, my dear children, with some friends, about four miles' distance."

" It had been a fine morning, but towards the after-part of the day it grew thick and foggy : fearing bad weather, I was anxious to reach home by the dusk of the evening : resisting therefore every importunity to stay longer, I set off accompanied by Hector, and between running and walking, had accomplished, as near as I could guess, about three miles, when the increasing fog no longer permit-

ting me to discern objects, or even that I was in the right road, obliged me to slacken my pace. I now walked on slowly, endeavouring to regain the path, which I knew I had lost, by feeling the grass beneath my feet. I had proceeded I imagine about half a mile further, when I became startled at my situation,—all was still as death ! I turned round in the vain hope that I might descry a human being ; but before,—behind,—it was impenetrable mist. I called aloud several times ; no sound was returned in answer ; my sight became affected, the vapours penetrated to my very brain ; I became bewildered, and imagined myself on the brink of precipices, and that the next step might precipitate me to the bottom. In this state, I still kept moving fearfully on, night giving the scene additional horrors ; when, on an abrupt de-

scent, I was plunged ankle deep in water—my danger now appeared inevitable.”

During this part of Mr. Montague's recital, his two daughters had drawn their chairs close to their father, and each taking a hand of his, held it affectionately pressed in their's. George listened in breathless attention; his pettishness had subsided, and filial affection resumed its place, and he felt reproved by his father's narrative.

Mr. Montague resumed, “ I had remained stationary in the water about five minutes, when I felt myself suddenly seized by the coat : it was poor Hector, whom I had entirely forgotten; he pulled me forcibly, I yielded, and in a few paces, found myself on firm ground.”

“ Struck with the circumstance, and recollecting in how many instances the sagacity of animals is superior to that

of man, I put in practice the following experiment: tying my pocket-handkerchief corner-ways to the dog's collar, I gave him liberty to choose his way: he made good use of it, and kept me upon the full trot for a considerable distance. I felt my spirits revive, as I followed the animal, and was getting warm with the exercise, when a sudden spring of the dog loosened the knot, and the handkerchief remained in my hand. I called him several times, but he was gone. Where, thought I, will this adventure end? Just then, a loud barking, and lights appearing, soon convinced me that Hector knew where he was better than I did. My dear children, (under Providence) that animal was my preserver. In ten minutes I had changed my clothes, and was seated happily with my family."

The relation of Mr. Montague's nar-

rative, had the desired effect on his son, who, fully aware of his presumptuous folly, in needlessly incurring danger, besought the forgiveness of his parent. "Little did I think, my dear father," added he, "when I kicked poor Hector, that he had been the preserver of your life." "Yes, my dear boy," said Mr. Montague, "but for that faithful dog, you might not have been in existence." "Never!" said the animated George, "will I ill use a dumb animal, or tamely see another do it." And he kept his word."

A BIT OF FUN.

JACK TEAZUM was the only child of a poor widow woman, who, by her unremitting industry and great frugality, had saved sufficient money to purchase a cow, the produce of which was their chief support.

She had been very unfortunate in life, but things were now beginning to mend, for Jack was grown a fine lad of fifteen, very industrious, and was (to use his mother's expression,) become quite her right hand, for he could milk the cow night and morning, carry round the milk to her customers every day, while she sat spinning at home, and calculating the probable increase of their little pro-

perty, which, with careful management, might enable her son in time to obtain a little farm of his own.

Now Jack had one very bad propensity, which, though it may appear trifling in the eyes of some people, frequently leads to serious consequences. He was fond of what is called FUN, which chiefly consisted in teasing animals; and when checked or remonstrated with, would always answer, "it was only for a bit of fun." But this bit of fun occasioned a sad accident one day. A neighbour's son was riding a horse to water, and Jack meeting him, began as usual playing his pranks with the horse, which quickly growing restive, threw his rider, and the boy was carried home with a broken leg. His parents were poor, and as the mischief was proved a voluntary act, Jack's mother had to pay the surgeon for setting the limb.

This affair sobered Jack for a considerable time, nor did he practise his pranks on any animal, his mother's cow excepted. This creature was naturally very mild, but Jack could never help playing his tricks with her before milking, and in time the animal knew him so well that she would begin to frisk and curvet, when he entered the field.

One morning, Jack got up in high spirits, dressed himself in his best clothes; he was going to a fair, about five miles distant, on a very important occasion to him and his poor mother; no less an affair than to buy a couple of pigs; for their reception Jack had been most laboriously employed in constructing a sty.

Whilst breakfast was getting ready he set off to milk the cow, whistling gaily as he went; and, although in a hurry, Jack could not forbear his usual bit of

fun; the weather was warm: he first began by pulling one horn, then the other; now he jumped round to her tail, then back to her head. In a moment the creature became furious; and in making a spring to avoid her, his foot slipped and down he fell. Before he could recover himself, he was trampled upon and gored in such a dreadful manner, that he was taken up for dead, and carried home, where he had just power to say how the accident had happened, before he died.

How did his wretched mother accuse herself, when she recollected the unchecked (at least on her part,) propensity of her son to tease animals. “Had I but early taken pains to correct this vice,” said she, “this dreadful misfortune had never happened; but I deserve it, and that adds to my misery.

The next day the cow was sold to a

butcher, and the poor widow survived her son but a short time.

SALLY PRESTON.

WHAT are the bells ringing so merrily for, Mamma," said Louisa Vernon to her mother, as they were walking one day through the pleasant village of S——. "It is a great holiday here to-day, my love;" replied Mrs. Vernon. "Do you not see all the villagers in their Sunday clothes?" "Oh, dear, yes, Mamma; and look at those pretty little girls all drest alike, with beautiful flowers in their hands, coming towards us."

"They belong to Preston School," said her mother, "and are going to meet their patroness, I mean the lady who built the school-house, and who

gives them their learning and clothes; she is expected here every minute."

"Well, to be sure," continued Louisa, "how happy every body looks." "They do indeed," replied Mrs. Vernon; "and I will now tell you the occasion of all this joy, and why it is such a holiday here.

"Some years ago, when there were only a few poor cottagers in this village, for none of those large houses you see in different parts of it were then built, a man and his wife of the name of Preston lived here; they had only one child, a little girl, her name was Sally, and a very good little girl she was, for her father and mother had taken great pains to make her early industrious; and though she was only half your age, Louisa, little Sally was of great service to her parents. Tommy Preston, as they used to call her father, was a day-

labourer, and worked very hard in the fields, sometimes ploughing the ground, sometimes sowing the seed, and at other times reaping the corn, and Sally used to carry his meals every day into the fields, making all the haste she could that he might have them warm; and would say to him, "Indeed, father, when I grow up, I will come and help, and you shall not work so hard." Then he would kiss her, and pray to God to bless her.

She was a favourite, too, with all her poor neighbours; for some she would rock the cradle, for others she would nurse, or take care of the little ones, rendering herself so useful that she was every where a welcome guest, and who was then happier than little Sally Preston?

But this happiness did not last long: her father with working in damp grounds, caught a bad cold, which, ending in a

fever, occasioned his death. His poor wife, in nursing him, caught the fever and died also ; and what made matters still worse, left nothing to bury them.

Their poor neighbours made a subscription for their funeral, and they were buried in a plain manner. But what now was to become of poor little Sally, who, young as she was, had sense sufficient to feel that she had lost every thing she had on earth. Well ! the neighbours consulted together what was to be done for her ; each would gladly, have taken her into their family, but they could scarcely maintain themselves.

Some recollected they had heard of a John Preston, her father's brother, who lived in London, but that was a long time ago, so they feared she must at last go to the workhouse.

But Sally thought if she could once get to London, and find out this uncle,

he might perhaps let her live with him; but this she did not communicate to any one; so one morning, after a neighbour had given her some breakfast, off set little Sally, for the first time in her life, from her native village. Well! she walked on for some time (keeping always the main road,) till she was very tired; so she sat down, and rested herself; and then walked on again, thinking if once she could reach London, she should soon find her uncle; for Sally had no notion of that place being larger than the village she came from.

She began to feel very hungry; but that she did not mind, as her uncle whom she was going to, she thought, would give her some supper. She was now very tired, when it began to rain, and grow dark, just as poor Sally had reached London, where the glare of the lights, the rattling

of the carriages, the number of people passing and re-passing, and the variety of noises frightened the poor little girl almost out of her senses.

She now crept on in terror, and turning into one of the principal streets, seeing a door open, she walked into the house unperceived by the servant, he having his back towards her.

Now you must remember, Louisa, that this poor child at that time knew nothing of rich people or great houses ; she had always been used to enter the cottages in her little village without ceremony, so up stairs went Sally, and walked into a room full of company. Imagine the surprise of the visitors and the anger of the lady of the house, on seeing a little girl all wet and muddy, come into the apartment so quietly, and stand staring about her ; but what was Sally's astonishment at

the finery she saw. She did not at first hear the questions that were asked her by half a dozen ladies at once; till being more closely questioned who she wanted; the trembling girl replied, "John Preston." Where did he live? was next asked; "In London."

The lady of the house now coming towards her with a very angry look, and speaking loud bid her be gone. The poor girl, thinking she was going to beat her, flew for protection to the company. The ladies began to scream for fear of their fine clothes being dirtied. The servant here entered, and was ordered to make her quit the place; and what was now to become of the helpless orphan?

The night was dark and rainy; she went a few paces further, and sat herself down on the steps of another door, where hiding her face with her hands, and being

much fatigued she fell asleep, when the master of the house coming home, and seeing a dark lump of something there, for the child's head had sunk forwards on her knees, so that she looked like a ball in the dark; he touched it with his stick. This awoke her immediately, and forgetting where she was, and seeing all strange around her, she gave a sudden cry, and looking up, discovered to the gentleman, a poor little wretched child. "Go home, go home," said he, "what do you here at this time of night?" The servant had opened the door, and he was just entering; but seeing she did not attempt to go, "Why don't you go *home*, child?"—said he again.—"I have no home,"—said poor little Sally Preston: her face streaming with tears. "No home?" said Mr. Freeman, "whom do you belong to?"—"To *nobody*?" said the child, again

weeping bitterly. -- "This is very strange," said the gentleman, who was by this time much struck with her distress; he ordered her to be taken into the kitchen, where now seated by a good fire and something given her to eat, she soon felt revived.

In the mean time Mr. Freeman told his wife the circumstance: it awoke her curiosity, as well as compassion; they asked her several questions. Sally told her artless tale in such pity-moving terms as interested them both in her favour. They told her not to cry; that she should sleep there that night; and that if upon inquiry they found she had told them truth, they would do something for her. The inquiry was made; Mr. Freeman found her an object quite worthy of attention, and placed her through his interest, in a public school which is called an Asylum for Orphan Children, and, very happy she found her-

self there, receiving with gratitude the instruction that was given her.

In less than two years she had made great progress, so much so, that Mr. and Mrs. Freeman were delighted that they had saved so clever a child, from want and misery. The holidays which the school allowed were always spent with them; their partiality increased with her years; she became the head girl of the school, and was equally the pride of her teachers, as she was that of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, who, having no children, began now to think seriously of adopting her. They were growing old, so it was settled that she should leave the school at the following Christmas. Here then was her home, where every comfort awaited her; she had the entire management of the household concerns and conducted herself with the greatest propriety; the

servants were treated with mildness and consideration, for she never forgot she had herself been poor, and friendless. To her benefactors she was most grateful and affectionate; and after some years of mutual happiness and regard, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman died, within a short time of each other, and experienced in their last moments from her the tenderness of the most dutiful child; leaving Sally Preston, with the exception of a few legacies, the whole of their great property.

Contrary to the general practice of many, Mrs. Preston, as she is now called, does all the good she can while living; to the poor she gives employment, the old and disabled she relieves herself, never trusting her bounty to be distributed by other hands.

But her native village claims her peculiar interest and attention that building

called Preston School, she founded ten years since, in imitation of that excellent establishment in which she was educated.

Twice in the year she, herself, inspects the improvement of the children; rewards the industrious inhabitants, and punishes the idle by neglect; of the latter there are very few, for it is considered a disgrace not to have been visited by Madam Preston.

FRETWELL HALL.

LETITIA FRETWELL was the daughter of a gentleman of considerable fortune, residing in Berkshire. With a good humoured indolence of disposition, he lived pleasantly among his neighbours, went

to church regularly, avoided quarrels of every sort, left the management of his tenants entirely to his steward, nor did he ever interfere with his wife's domestic arrangements.

Having been married fifteen years without offspring, the birth of Letitia was hailed with every demonstration of joy. The bells were rung, and a feast was given on the day of the christening, to his tenantry.

The gossips, as usual on such occasions, sat in full council on the features of the infant, and although various in their prognostics, yet were all highly flattering; one indeed, more learned than the rest, ventured to predict, that from the hour in which the child was born, under the then reigning planet, she would some how be allied to Royalty.

Nurse was sure she would be a perfect

beauty, for she was now mamma in miniature.

All, however, were not of this opinion, for Jenny the cook was indiscreet enough to tell her fellow-servants, that if ever she saw a vixen countenance, the baby above stairs had one; which said opinion coming to the ears of her mistress, caused her instant dismissal.

Farmer Thresher also, (who lived in a small tenement hard by) returning home on the evening of the christening, much later than usual, being asked by his wife what had kept him; without answering her questions, angrily exclaimed,—All this feasting and ringing for a poor little puny thing!—who, if she lives, will be only a mere fine lady like her mother, neither sick nor well all her life, fit only to be dressed up, and play cards on Sundays.

“Nay, James,” said his wife, “nei-

ther squire Fretwell, nor his lady, ever play cards on Sundays." "I should like to know," said her husband, "what is the difference between playing cards, and singing songs; and having large musical parties on Sunday evenings." "It's of no use for us," observed his wife, "to rail against what we cannot mend; the Fretwells are thought to be very worthy people by every body."

"Now that's the very thing which aggravates me," exclaimed the farmer, "that they should be cried up by every body, for such worthy people—there's poor Will Coulter," continued he, "who broke his leg last week, (though as honest and industrious a man as ever lived, and has worked for squire Fretwell these ten years; when they paid him, last Saturday, Rigid, the steward, stopped his pay from the day on which the accident happened

You know their poverty and large family ; and the doctor tells him he must not stand on it for this month yet ; and how in that case are they to live ?” — “ Depend upon it, James,” interrupted his wife, “ this is Rigid’s doing, his master knows nothing about it.” —

“ I thought so too,” replied her husband, “ so I determined to speak to the Squire himself for the poor fellow ; accordingly I watched for him, as I returned from work this evening.”

“ As soon as he saw me, he asked very kindly how I did. I thanked him, said I was well, and only wished my poor neighbour Will Coulter was as — “ Ah ! ” said he, (interrupting me) “ that was a sad accident.” “ Sad, indeed, sir, said I, for he will not be able to work for this month, and how are they to live ? for Mr. Rigid has stopped” — “ What ! ” (said he quickly)

“has not Rigid paid him his due?” “Yes, sir, he has paid him his due, but what is to become of his family?”—Without hearing another word he turned on his heel and left me, saying, “Let him speak to Rigid; he has the management of all my affairs.”

“La! James!” said his wife, “how will they live till he is able to work?” “Why,” said her husband, “I could not go to poor Coulter, and tell them they must starve; for I knew it was no use speaking to Rigid; so instead of coming home at my usual time, I have been working three hours for them, and will give them two hours to-morrow morning before I go to my own work; I don’t mind that a rush, I am none the worse for it.”

“Neighbour Collins will also give a helping hand; so between us I hope we

shall be able to manage for him till he can help himself."

"But then to hear these people cried up for their virtues, it makes one angry; and perhaps it is wrong, for as far as I see, they have no great good of their riches, but that too may be their own fault."—"Ah! but God will bless you, my dear James, for your exertions," said his wife, her eyes swimming in tears. "I would not have Squire Fretwell's hard heart, for all the money he is worth—but still I think," continued this good woman, who always wished to think well of every body, till they were found utterly bad—"but still I think Mrs. Fretwell is not in fault. I know she is reckoned whimsical, always meeting with something extraordinary which she exaggerates in telling;—a habit, no doubt, she has got by reading romantic books, when a girl,—

but there is no great harm in that, you know. Now she is a mother," continued she," (looking at the cradle in which lay a fine girl of a twelvemonth old) " she will feel for poor little helpless children; I will go to her to-morrow morning, and speak for the poor Coulters." Her husband shook his head, " Aye, you may go, Susan, but I doubt"—" I can but try, however," said she.

And now rested in body, and more composed in mind, Farmer Thresher sat down to-supper; and on the following morning, his wife did not fail to wait on the Squire's lady; who having just returned from an airing in her carriage, expressed some surprise, when Susan Thresher sent up her duty, and begged to speak to her.

"What can she possibly want with me?" said the lady. "I believe, ma'am," said

the servant, "she wishes to speak to you about the family of the Coulters."—"The Coulters!" cried Mrs. Fretwell, in astonishment, "what in heaven! have I to do with the Coulters?—I never spoke to one of them in my life;"—"The poor man, madam, broke his leg last week."—"Well!" answered the lady sharply, "and could I help that?"—"No, madam, but his wages are stopped, and he has a large family of children." "Children!" drawled the lady, "What are children? A little bread, and a little milk, keeps them," looking at her own infant then about five weeks old, whom the nurse was feeding.

"You may tell Mrs. Thresher," resumed she, "that I never interfere in Mr. Fretwell's affairs; it is his business, not mine." And so saying the lady dismissed the applicant without seeing her.

Being an only child, the infant Letitia soon became the idol of her mother, the plaything of her father, and as she grew up, the torment of all their acquaintance, the consequence of unbounded indulgence. For from the moment Mrs. Fretwell became a mother, a worrying anxiety took place in her disposition, she fancied her child could only be safe in her presence: frequently would she deprive herself of sleep, by listening to hear if it cried; and if perchance such a thing did happen, the whole house was in motion immediately.

Mr. Fretwell saw this entire change in his domestic comfort, with great equanimity, as exertion would have cost him more trouble than the evil, such as it was.

The fourth birth-day of Letitia, arrived, and a large party of friends were invited to celebrate it, who, on their

arrival at the appointed time, were received by the lady of the mansion with a very dismal countenance.

The visitors were eager in their inquiries as to the cause.

“ Oh ! dear lady Sparkle ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Fretwell, — “ My dear Miss Maynard, I wonder I am alive ! and so will you when I tell you what a sad accident has happened. ” — The company were shocked, and somewhat disappointed, as they had come with the expectation of passing a pleasant evening.

“ You know how apt I am to be low-spirited, ” Mrs. Fretwell began, — “ well, all day yesterday I had such a depression, — I knew something would happen, and went to bed very wretched ; and had just dropped asleep when I was awakened by a heavy fall of something. Screaming, I jumped up and ran into the

nursery. Oh! my dear friends, guess my feelings, when I saw my child lying breathless!"—"What, dead!" exclaimed the company.—Stretching her neck, winking her eyes, and drawing a long breath, a trick Mrs. Fretwell always resorted to, when conscious she had gone beyond the reality;—"stunned, I should have said;" resumed she. "Send for a doctor, I had just strength to say, and then fell into hysteries."

"Where was Mr. Fretwell?" asked Miss Maynard. "What did the doctor say," inquired another of the guests?" "Oh! the doctor wanted to persuade me," replied Mrs. Fretwell, "that she was in a profound sleep, and had never waked with falling out of bed; and, in short, he seemed out of humour at having been disturbed, as if doctors were not to

attend their patients by night, as well as by day."

"In cases of emergency only, madam," said an old gentleman, who felt indignant at Mrs. Fretwell's folly. "But where was Mr. Fretwell?" again inquired Miss Maynard. "Ah! where indeed," said the lady! you may well ask that question; Mr. Fretwell was in bed, my dear Miss Maynard, fast asleep."—The entrance of her husband at this moment, with a gentleman for whom the dinner had been kept back some little time, put a stop to all further recital. The ladies had only time to ask how the child then was, and were answered by Mrs. Fretwell, "As well as could be expected," before they were all seated at table.

The first course had been removed, and the second put on, when Mr. Fret-

well observed that the partridges were over-roasted. "If they are," said Mr. Clark, "the fault is mine, in making the dinner wait; but I trust when the company knows the cause of my delay, it will be my apology."

"A most curious adventure befel me, this morning: I was suddenly awakened about six o'clock, with a violent knocking at the street-door." The attention of the company was fixed upon the narrator, with intense curiosity; all excepting Mrs. Fretwell, whose thoughts were as usual running upon her child.

"Oh! Mr. Clark," said she, "at this critical juncture, "you have not heard of poor Letty's accident last night?" "I have not, indeed," replied the gentleman, in an alarmed tone; "nothing serious, I hope?"—"Pooh, pooh," said Mr. Fretwell, "the child fell out of bed, that's

all.”—The company wished Letty had never been born, though they had met to celebrate her birth-day.

Mr. Fretwell too, anxious to hear his friend's adventure, discovered an impatience rather unusual for him, at this “thrice-told tale,”—but in vain, for his wife began to detail the accident: (as she persisted in calling it), in all its forms,—the child's danger, her own terrors, the doctor's impertinence; in short, the dismal relation of what was, or what might have been, lasted till the cloth was removed and the dessert on the table.

“Now, sir,” said Mr. Fretwell to Mr. Clark; “your adventure, if you please.” Again the guests were all attention,—but scarcely had the gentleman resumed, when in ran Letitia.

“Oh, my darling?” cried the enraptured mother; “come and ask the ladies

and gentlemen how they do. “ Papa ! Mr. Fretwell,” exclaimed the impatient lady (observing her husband and guests listening to Mr. Clark,) “ I say, Mr. Fretwell, drink to your daughter’s health, remember this is her day ;”---a hint to the company as well as her husband.

Glasses were filled, and the usual compliments went round ; and now all conversation stopped, and her child, the sole object of attention, Mrs. Fretwell felt completely gratified.

Letitia at first remained quietly standing by her mother ; the visitants, after admiring her growth, and vainly endeavouring to make her speak, sat for a few minutes in stupid silence, as well as under a disagreeable restraint, each not liking to speak to her neighbour, as they had been called to order.

On the ladies retiring to the drawing-

room, Letty, who was by this time thoroughly awake, began to entertain the company with running backwards and forwards, as fast and as loud as she could ; then round and round the room, till, turning giddy, down she fell, and a fit of crying for half an hour succeeded.

Recovered from this trouble, the spoilt child was next attracted by the glitter of Lady Sparkle's diamond brooch, who, poor woman, little foreseeing the persecutions that awaited her that day, had adorned herself with some of her best jewels.

Accustomed to have every thing given to her the moment she expressed a wish for it, Letitia ran and seized the brooch, but finding it fastened began to pull and scream at the same time. In order to divert her from the object, Lady Sparkle took her on her knee, and in an under

tone told her that, if she would be a good child, and sit still——When she was suddenly cut short, by feeling the little fingers of the urchin tightly grasped round her pearl necklace, and in endeavouring to disengage them, the string broke, and they were scattered upon the carpet.

Struggling between anger and complaisance, the lady pushed the mischievous child off her lap, who, nothing daunted at what she had done, stood as if enjoying the confusion she had made ; for several of the company were assisting the servant who had been called in to pick up the pearls.

Miss Maynard (one of the visitors) was a lady of great decorum, kept an eminent boarding-school in the neighbourhood, and reigned supreme in her establishment. Feeling justly indignant at

this last mischievous trick, she was impelled to give Letitia a slight reprimand ; catching hold of her as she was running past, and stooping down, she began---when the little vixen, making a snatch at her curls, Miss Maynard, with a sudden exclamation of---Oh heaven ! had just time to save her well-arranged head-dress from lying on the floor, as the tea equipage was brought in, and the gentlemen followed it.

Adieu now to all pleasure or comfort ; not a lady in the room but feared a similar attack.

Tea and coffee were served, and a game of romps between Letitia and her father, which lasted the remainder of the time, concluded the evening's entertainment ; from which the guests departed, feeling the utmost disgust for the child, and contempt for the parents.

As Letitia grew older, the playfulness of infancy passed away, and with it much of the interest she held in her father's affection.

Taught to recite scraps of poetry before she learnt to read, early expert at cards, dancing a minuet, and playing off little tunes on the piano, she appeared to her mother a prodigy. Whatever progress Letitia made through the masters' assiduity, was never attributed to their skill by Mrs. Fretwell, but always to the superior capacity of her daughter; by the same rule, her stupidity was considered as their negligence.

All the smart answers and wonderful speeches of Letitia were carefully treasured up by her mother, and told to every one in the presence of her daughter, who would sit wondering at her own cleverness and superiority.

The father, equally unreflecting as the mother, was highly diverted with her airs of self-importance, and used jestingly to call her the little Duchess ; an appellation which, though given in derision, was highly grateful to Letitia, as a foolish prediction at her birth had been often repeated to her.

But while the embellishments of her daughter took up all Mrs. Fretwell's attention, her temper, *that* which has so great an influence on the happiness, and which so frequently decides the great as well as the smaller concerns of life, that, alas, had been totally neglected, and great were the evils which the want of this virtue brought upon Letitia.

The passions of Letitia being under no control, increased daily ; she became impatient of contradiction ; even the simple act of dressing her. was an ope-

ration to be dreaded. Her clothes were tied too tight or too loose; the comb hurt her head; and all this often succeeded by long fits of crying. The mother applied to the doctor to cure her temper; he sent regularly bread pills, and prescribed walking out frequently.

It was one of this spoilt child's caprices never to let the servant follow her but at a distance; an order which Betty willingly complied with, as it gave her frequent opportunities of joining her acquaintance, and entertaining them with her young mistress's vagaries.

It happened that one evening, as Letitia was walking in a hay-field, not far from her residence, her servant, as usual, at some distance behind her gossiping, a group of young girls were seated in a ring near the path-way; and, to enjoy their sport with more freedom, had

thrown their bonnets on one side, which Letitia no sooner perceived, than she haughtily kicked one of them before her. "Leave my bonnet alone," said the owner. Letitia trampled it under her feet. Up sprung two of the party, and immediately attacked the aggressor; who, it must be confessed, made a most valiant resistance; they cuffed and kicked each other, but as her fine muslin dress was their chief object, that was quickly in tatters; then catching up their bonnets, they ran off as fast as their feet could carry them.

Now this scuffle had taken place so quickly, fear of future punishment having kept one party silent, and rage the other, that not more than two or three minutes elapsed during the whole of it.

Nor was it till the girls had quitted the meadow, that the servant saw the

plight of her young mistress. Uttering a piercing scream, she hastily inquired who had made her in that condition. "Those lasses running across the field," answered a boy who had seen the affray. Away ran Betty after them, leaving her young mistress returning homewards in sullen dignity, her rags fluttering in the gale, and accompanied by a crowd of idle children to her own door, where she was let in by the wondering servant.

She related her misadventure to her parents, and of course told the story her own way. Her father seemed inclined to be diverted with her appearance; not so her mother, who, conscious of her daughter's violence, felt shocked, and, for the first time in her life, ashamed of Letitia's behaviour.

The servant came home some time after, and beginning to apologize was

told to be silent, and not say a word more of the matter. So Betty "came off," to use her own expression, "with flying colours."

Fully aware the doctor's pills had no effect on her daughter's temper, Mrs. Fretwell turned in her mind various expedients to mend it, and at last hit on the following.

"Dear me," said she one day to her husband, "I am thinking that if Letitia had a good-humoured companion, one of her own age I mean." "True," answered Mr. Fretwell, "somebody who would serve her to quarrel with, and save you and all of us at times."—"No," said his wife, rather angrily, "she wants some one to divert, and keep up her spirits." "Her spirits," repeated he, bursting into a loud laugh, "I am sure she did not lack spirit in the fields the

other day." "That, Sir," said his lady, with dignity, "is no laughing matter to me ; I have been ashamed to appear out of doors since."

Quickly brought to order by his wife's looks, Mr. Fretwell began to repair his error by telling over the names of several young girls in the neighbourhood, but every one was objected to. "There's Susan Thresher," said Mrs. Fretwell. "Aye, indeed, she is every thing one could wish," replied her husband ; "but I fear her parents will not part with her ; besides, her father has become of so much consequence in the parish. He is now a leading man ; I cannot hire a labourer or strike a bargain with any one, but, 'if my honour won't be offended, he will just speak to farmer Thresher,' before the business can be concluded. And my tenant, Wingold, the lawyer, has

given me notice to quit ; he tells me he has nothing to do, for Farmer Thresher gives his advice gratis."

" So much the better," said his wife, " all that favours my plan ; for, when they understand that their daughter is to have the benefit of the masters with Letitia, their rising in the world will make them the more readily consent to her living with us."

Mr. Fretwell had said most truly that Farmer Thresher, though comparatively poor, was more looked up to in his neighbourhood than any man in the town of Abingdon ; his noble conduct to poor Coulter, and the assistance he had given him, drew the attention of all ; comparisons were made ; the parish, too, was sensible that through his exertions the poor fellow's family were prevented from becoming burthensome to it. For Farmer

Thresher was one of that valuable class of men in society who are always ready to employ their best exertions to assist their fellow creatures.

The resource of his neighbours on all occasions, referred to in every emergency, and never in vain; softening the anger of some, persuading others to return to their duty; in short, by doing all the good in his power, and doing it in a quiet unobtrusive way; he was loved and venerated by all who knew him. From his example the poor learned to be content in their station, or, by industry and exertion, to rise above it.

The opulent felt it their interest to be upon terms with him, and in many instances cultivated his acquaintance. How great was the satisfaction resulting from this conduct; in maintaining a character

for integrity, benevolence, and industry, Farmer Thresher knew one of the sweetest and most satisfying delights that the mind of man is capable of.

The domestic happiness he also enjoyed in the good sense and cheerful activity of his wife, a clean and quiet fire-side, regular meals, a house managed with order and economy, always ready for the reception of a friend, or the accommodation of the stranger ; every thing was done with that method that, in well regulated minds, is sure to produce harmony and peace.

Busied in the various occupations of domestic life, Mrs. Thresher was necessitated to leave the little Susan to find her own diversions, which, in a disposition naturally good, became the means of resources in her own mind at a more advanced period of life ; managing the

restraints of her early years with so much reason and love, that Susan seemed to know nothing but liberty.

An admonition from her parents always met with cheerful submission, and was never debated.

In the practice of the needle she was early expert, nor was her school education neglected; but example was the foundation of her knowledge; they educated her with such discretion, tenderness, and piety, as rendered her a happy, as well as a useful, member of society.

Her parents saw with pleasure their cares repaid, and returned daily thanks to Heaven, whose blessing seemed to attend them.

How different the Fretwells; they had abundance, but did not enjoy it. "My interest, my convenience, my comforts," were ever in their thoughts; the bene-

volent pleasure of benefitting others they were utter strangers to.

Hating their own company, they sought refuge from themselves, Mrs. Fretwell in frivolous society, and her husband in the pleasures of the bottle. But this did not always drown reflection, their consciences would frequently accuse and condemn them for living thus wholly for themselves.

Their child also, who might have been a blessing to them, from their utter neglect of those principles which should have formed and regulated her mind, eventually proved their greatest punishment.

No sooner had Mrs. Fretwell thought of Susan for a companion to her daughter, than a polite letter was sent to the Threshers, followed quickly by the lady herself, who, entering abruptly

on the business, detailed the many advantages which Susan would receive; she would be attended by the best masters, treated as her own daughter; and concluded by saying, she would make a lady of her. All this was uttered with so much volubility, that the farmer and his wife had only to listen in silence till the current had run itself out.

They were much surprised, but not dazzled by the offer: availing themselves of the pause, they acknowledged their sense of the kindness intended towards their daughter; but firmly, though civilly, declined it.

They assured her, they had no wish, that their child should become a lady: an active and useful life was what they intended for her; in saying this, Farmer Thresher thought he had settled the matter.

But Mrs. Fretwell was not to be so repulsed, what had at first only passed through her mind, as a wish, was by opposition increased to a passionate desire.

From endeavouring to persuade, she descended to entreaties, pointed out the good that might be effected, by her coming to them, and added, that Letitia had an affection for Susan. "Why, my dear lady," said the honest farmer, "how can that be? when they have never spoken to each other?"

Mrs. Fretwell said it was so, nevertheless, and moreover added, that she dared not take home a denial; assuring them that if they would let their daughter come, it would be one of the best actions of their lives; for it would make a whole family happy.

Had Mrs. Fretwell possessed either feeling or penetration, she would never

have carried her point ; as she must have seen the strong repugnance these worthy people felt to part with their child.

But she had attacked them in a vulnerable part ; that of being able to do good. After some hesitation, and stipulating that Susan should pass the Sunday at home, they gave their consent.

The lady having now gained her point, overwhelmed them with civilities, returned home in high spirits ; and the following week, Susan Thresher was constituted an inmate at Fretwell Hall.

The mild manners and cheerful disposition of Susan, joined to the novelty of having a young companion, had for a considerable time a wonderful effect on Letitia ; pride came to her aid, and she felt ashamed to expose herself before her new acquaintance.

Mrs. Fretwell congratulated herself

daily on the success of her plan, which had answered even more than she could have expected.

How little did farmer Thresher and his wife think, when they parted with their child, she would not again reside under their roof: 'tis true Mrs. Fretwell had not stipulated for any limited time; but the parents of Susan had, and greatly were they disappointed, when at the end of eight years, there was no more likelihood of their having their daughter home, than there had been at the end of one.

Yes! eight years had passed, since Susan Thresher went to live at Fretwell Hall; and many were the changes which had taken place in that space of time.

The gout had made great inroads on the constitution of Mr. Fretwell, he was grown morose and peevish, become an

invalid, neglected in his family, and never having cultivated his mind, by reading or study, he had full leisure to think how little good he had done in the world.

From leading an indolent and luxurious life, Mrs. Fretwell had become prematurely infirm, and ailing; she could no longer support the fatigue of company; yet, such was the force of habit, the same routine of visiting and parties continued.

Mischievous in infancy, turbulent in childhood, Letitia had grown up a perverse and fretful woman. A rainy day, or a disappointment by her mantua-maker, would make her wish herself dead, or that she had never been born; and twenty other such idle exclamations. She hated her home, she said, for it was like an hospital filled with sick people.

To these unkind speeches her mother would calmly reply, I think, Letty, you

might have a little patience with your home, as you are so soon likely to leave it. For it was much talked of, that Letitia was to be united to the Rev. Mr. Villers, the Vicar of Abingdon, a gentleman about thirty years of age, pleasing in his person and of the most amiable disposition ; and the youngest son of a noble but numerous family. This gentleman was remarkably assiduous in his visits at Fretwell Hall, frequently accompanying Letitia on the german flute, when she sang or played, and escorting her and Susan to places of amusement; in short, he seemed to identify himself with the family. He was absent at present on account of the death of his father, whose title, that of Lord Willoughby, went to his eldest son.

It may seem strange that Mrs. Fretwell should speak of her daughter's sepa-

ration from her, with so much indifference, that daughter too, for whose sake alone (she seemed to live: the fact was, that Letitia, from being an object of love, had become an object of fear; and bitter were the reflections that frequently crossed the mind of this wretched mother, when she compared her own stern and unnatural child, with the mild and affectionate Susan; who, (like the ministering angel of mercy,) was always employed in some act of kindness, going from one sick room to another, collecting the little news of the day, for the suffering Mr. Fretwell; who, (from being so much alone,) would listen to her with greedy attention, and soothing the complaints of his wife, with all those little acts of kindness so grateful to invalids.

But the importance of Susan, was also felt in another department: to keep

Letitia in good humour, they had frequent company ; and as Mrs. Fretwell could not at most sit above half an hour in the drawing-room ; while Letitia, either from indolence or whim, would always appear as a guest at her father's table, the whole ceremony of receiving and entertaining the company, devolved upon Susan ; who, prepared by her mother in her earlier years for all the useful purposes of domestic life, and by the accomplishments she acquired at Fretwell Hall, was equally fitted to move in an elevated sphere, or fulfil the duties of an humbler one :

Mrs. Fretwell, fully aware of the treasure she possessed, daily repeated, she would never part with Susan ; the thoughts of depriving the parents of this much-loved child never entered the mind of this selfish woman.

The death of Lord Willoughby, and Mr. Villers's elder brother succeeding to the title, were subjects much talked of in the town of Abingdon; some arguing the possible promotion of their pastor, and others fearing any change, by which they might lose him.

But what were the sensations of Miss Povey, the lady, who, at the birth of Letitia had predicted that she would some how be allied to royalty: she no sooner heard of the Vicar's brother being a lord, than court calendars and books of English peerage were eagerly explored by the lady, who assured her friends, that she had succeeded in tracing the Willoughby family, though in a remote degree, up to the Conqueror. Here, then, was the prediction verified; Letitia was going to be allied to nobility, and distantly to royalty; "ought not such a

remarkable coincidence to appear in the public prints? "Certainly it ought," a friend replied, but he would advise her to defer it till the marriage took place ; to which she readily agreed, and was now all anxiety for the nuptials.

But here an unexpected turn was given to affairs ; for contrary to the judgment and prognostics of all, Mr, Villers declared himself a lover, and professed his ardent attachment, not to Miss Fretwell,—but to Susan Thresher. It would be difficult to describe the astonishment, the overwhelming surprise of Susan at this declaration—was she in a dream ! or did she really hear aright ? when he told her, that although he felt the highest respect for the Fretwell family, she, and she alone, had been the object of his visits ; he had long loved and admired her, and should have asked her hand be-

fore, had not his father's infirm state of health obliged him to defer it.

Susan heard him plead his passion for her with modesty and gratitude, and begged to be spared for the present.—Would she permit him to speak to her parents? he resumed; Susan hesitated. One question more he would ask her; had she any prior engagement? Oh! no, indeed, answered the artless girl!—At this critical moment, Miss Fretwell entered the apartment; and Susan, glad to escape, almost from herself, withdrew to her own room; where, overcome by a variety of contending emotions, she sat for some time, vainly endeavouring to recollect herself. Of all men living she had thought Mr. Villers the wisest and best; she had revered his character as almost super-human; and to be selected by him—to be his wife—it was

too mighty a good to be real, and yet he had said it. What a surprise to her dear parents !

She was beginning to indulge in the most pleasing emotions,—when suddenly Letitia's disappointment—the loss too that Mr. and Mrs. Fretwell would sustain, in being deprived of her services, filled her mind with vexation ; she wished very much to go home, and consult with her father and mother, for by their advice she would be guided ; but Mrs. Fretwell must first be informed. That lady had been waiting for her with the most fretful impatience: when Susan entered, she peevishly asked what had detained her so long ? Susan then told her what had passed between Mr. Villers and herself.

Now, though continual sufferings had worn down the spirits of Mrs. Fretwell,

yet this avowal seemed to re-animate her passions: she called Susan, treacherous, cunning, and deceitful. Observing the object of her anger indignantly leaving the room, she changed her tone: "And you are going to leave me! how shall I suffer for all this! what will become of me!" Then clasping her hands, she burst into a flood of tears. Susan Thresher, though touched with the situation of Mrs. Fretwell, was sufficiently aware that no sacrifice which she could make; would be effectual, as every year brought with it an additional weight of care and anxiety; her parents too became objects of solicitude, from whom she had been separated so long, and to them she would refer.

There are people in almost every neighbourhood, who seem to know your affairs better than you do yourself; of this description were the acquaintance of

the Fretwells ; for although on the part of Mr. Villers, there had never been any thing which could be construed into a partiality for Miss Fretwell, yet every one was sure it would be a match. Letitia thought so too ; for, though love could never find a place in her breast, she certainly preferred Mr. Villers to the rest of his sex.

Persuaded also by the daily accounts she heard, of the embellishments of the vicarage, that he would shortly make proposals in form, she became impatient, and irritated at the delay, and it was in this humour she entered the apartment, at the moment he had been pleading his cause with Susan. Full of the subject and elated with the prospect of success, Mr. Villers frankly avowed his passion for the farmer's daughter, to Miss Fretwell ; and was proceeding with all the warmth

and animation of a lover; till suddenly checked by the storm he saw gathering in the lady's countenance, who rising up, darted on him such a look of rage, as made him involuntarily draw back his chair. She spoke not, but suddenly quitting the room, left Mr. Villers in utter amazement.

Letitia shut herself up in her apartment, where giving way to her passions, she passed a dreadful night.

Confounded with the strange behaviour of the lady, Mr. Villers remained in the drawing-room a considerable time; and during that interval reflecting on the past scene; the cause of Letitia's anger, and abrupt departure, flashed on his mind; and being too good a man, to feel any pleasure in having made this undesigned conquest; hoping also that the secret was only between the lady and

himself, for no one had ever hinted the subject to him; he left the hall moralizing on the short-lived happiness of this world, and how often pain and vexation follow on the steps of pleasure.

So thought poor Susan, who, from feeling for a short space of time the purest delight, was thrown into a state of the greatest perplexity, by the behaviour of Mrs. Fretwell.

The parents of Susan were of the same opinion: elated by the visit of Mr. Villers, the object of which had been to ask their consent, and the prospect of their daughter's happiness, they felt eager to hear from her own lips, the particulars of this happy event. But the appearance of Susan, for a time put to flight the gay visions of the happy future: tenderly embracing her, they besought their daughter to tell them what distressed her. Relieved

at once by Susan's explanation, they told her they had often debated the matter, whether they had done right or wrong, in letting her go to the Fretwells; but in this, there was nothing doubtful, they knew at once how to act.

Susan's anxiety at leaving Mrs. Fretwell was also relieved by a note from Letitia, full of invective, accusing her of duplicity, and concluding that her presence in future would be disagreeable at the Hall. Thus compelled to take an abrupt leave of the Fretwell family, Susan shortly after became the wife of the Rev. Mr. Villers.

The good sense and sweet temper of Susan endeared her to all who knew her: she was spoken of as an example both as a wife and daughter; and her worthy parents were thus rewarded for

the pains they had taken, in early instilling right principles into her mind.

If any thing could add to the misery of Mrs. Fretwell, it was having had such a character as Susan in her family ; no ! not all her wealth could purchase such another affectionate companion. Mr. Fretwell daily and hourly bewailed his loss. More vindictive and irritable than ever, Letitia and her mother passed their days in mutual recriminations.

The advance of age in the parents, and the helplessness of Letitia, threw the chief management of their affairs into the hands of servants and mercenaries ; by which their estate became reduced, till there was hardly sufficient left to bribe the attention of those they had before commanded.

THE LADY-BIRDS' NEST.

IN a snug little crevice, in a very old wall, there was once a family of lady-birds, consisting of the mother and three young ones. It was early in spring, and the weather yet very cold; so these little insects were glad to keep at home.

On a very fine day, to creep to the top of the wall, across the green moss, in all directions, and travel round a large patch of stone-crop; had hitherto been the extent of their journeys; but as the summer advanced, and the weather grew warm, the lady-birds began to make use of their wings.

As they had till now been content with the life they had led, their mother very naturally thought, (the weather being fine

and sun-shiny, the garden also filled with flowers) that her children would be much happier : but in this, the old lady-bird was mistaken ; her little ones, though they had as much enjoyment of life as their nature was capable of, were not half so well satisfied, as when they were dozing away the greater part of their time in a dark hole.

“ How is this, my children ? ” said the mother ; “ every thing around you is gay and blooming, while your looks are full of gloom, and you utter nothing but complaints ? ”

“ How can we be happy,” said one of them ; “ when we see almost every creature so much better off than ourselves ; butterflies, for instance, see what a life they lead, feeding on the honey of the flowers, while we must be satisfied with nibbling the leaves : and then compare their ap-

pearance with ours, their wings covered with feathers of all colours, of which they are so proud.

“I met one this morning, on a rose: he almost knocked me off as he rudely flapped his wings, up and down, to display them, and then flew away as if flowers and sun-shine were made for him alone; leaving me to feel my own insignificance, and the vexation of not being able to sting him in return for his insolence.”

“And the gnats,” said another (taking up the discourse), “what advantages they possess; their light wings never seem tired, they pass their lives dancing in the sun-beams, and humming with joy. Then there is the bee, the wasp, the beetle, the dragon-fly; are they not all better armed, or have stings to defend themselves?” “But we,” observed the third,

“belong neither to earth, nor air; our wings are too heavy to enable us to keep in a continual flutter like the butterfly or the gnat; and our legs are too short to allow us to run with the swiftness of the ant and other insects that cannot fly.

“But the greatest hardship of all, is our not having a sting with which to revenge ourselves on those who may insult us.”—The mother here interrupted them, “My children,” said she, “it is your own dispositions you should lament, and not the advantages which others appear to have over you: your ignorance, too, of the nature and condition of those you so much envy, makes you imagine them better off than yourselves.

“The butterfly passes the greatest part of its life in the body of the caterpillar; from which, if it escapes being devoured

by the birds or crushed by the foot, it changes to a grub, a still more helpless state, resembling that of death. In its last form, as a butterfly, it would, indeed be very happy, if it were not subject to so much persecution.

“ The commonest kind, are pursued by thoughtless children, frequently torn to pieces by them, or maimed by those who do not mean to hurt them ; for the texture of their wings is so delicate, that they can scarcely be touched without injury. But the most beautiful of their kind are subject to a far greater evil, from those of the human race, who, to preserve their colours, will impale them alive and watch their dying agonies, without any other emotion than the fear that their wings should lose any of their brilliancy.

“ As for the gnats, and all those lighter insects, which pass so much of

their lives fluttering in the air ; it is true they lead a merry life, but from their giddiness are frequently caught in the spiders' webs.

“ I could,” continued the mother, “ produce a number of instances in which the advantage of security would be all in our favour : we are fortunate in not being sufficiently attractive to be much sought after, while on the other hand we have no quality to render us disgusting ; our happiness consists in the insignificance of which you complain, and our greatest safety is not having the use of a sting ; it would often lead to the resentment of a supposed affront, as was the case this morning : you would have stung the poor butterfly, which had no thought of offending you in flapping his wings, but was merely opening them to the warmth of the sun. .

“ Above all, with such a weapon of defence we should become objects of hatred to mankind ; for although in stinging them, we might occasion but a few minutes' pain, death would be the consequence to us ; and as in the instance of wasps, we should be pursued to destruction.

“ On the other hand, instead of matter for complaint, we, of all insects, are the most favoured.”

The mother ended ; but it did not appear to have made any salutary impression on her little family, till after a few days had passed, when she observed more order and less grumbling, and she soon understood that experience alone had given effect to her counsel.

One of the young ones had seen a gnat struggling in the web of a spider ;

another had met with the mangled remains of a butterfly ; and the third was satisfied with the testimony of the other two ; thus harmony was restored, and discontent banished from the lady-birds' nest.

THE

DANGER OF SURETISHIP.

How many agreeable recollections came into my mind, as I journeyed towards my native village, from which I had been absent near thirty years. Being left an orphan, though not a friendless boy, I was taken by my father's brother, the only relation I had left in the world, who, having no children of his own, adopted me as his son, and, I may truly say, was a father to me.

My uncle was a West Indian planter, and I accompanied him to Jamaica, in which island the chief part of his property lay. I feel the truest satisfaction in reflecting that, during the whole time I lived with him, I never, in a single instance, gave him cause to repent his kindness towards me; but I must have been a wretch to have acted otherwise, for, if ever there was a kind, a benevolent being, it was my uncle. He was of that humane disposition, that he delighted to make his slaves as happy as himself; they loved him, as a father, and dreaded nothing so much as a change of masters.

Owing to the nature of the climate, this beloved relative was subject to bilious attacks; he was recovering from one of them, and gentle exercise being recommended, he would frequently set off in the morning, and, calling on his

different friends, not return till the evening. He had been on one of these rambles, and the day closing in without his return, I became uneasy, although I did not know why, for my uncle had frequently been out as late. I despatched the servants to wherever he had been accustomed to call ; they returned without success, none of his friends had seen him that day.

Dreadfully alarmed, I set off myself in search of him, though without knowing whither to go, and, in a state bordering on distraction, wandered all night. Morning came, but brought no tidings of him, who was all the world to me ; and three days passed, during which I scarcely tasted food, or took any rest.

The most indefatigable search continued to be made by his people in all directions. I offered liberty and a reward

to any of his slaves who should bring me tidings of him. Poor fellows, they needed no such stimulus, their affection for their master acted much stronger than any thing I could offer.

Towards the end of the third day, my dear and ever-to-be-lamented uncle was brought home ; but in what a state ! In one of those extensive and intricate woods in the island, it was conjectured, he had wandered and lost himself.

He was found lying on his back, his eyes open, he was still breathing, but perfectly unconscious of every thing around him. His faithful slaves gently raised him, and, making a kind of litter, conveyed him slowly home. I saw the mournful procession from a distance, and ran eagerly to meet it ; questions were needless, every head was hung down ; they were crying bitterly.

I pass over the agony I felt at seeing my uncle in this state ; every means was tried to restore him, but without effect, he expired before the morning. Exhausted nature sunk under the agitation I had sustained, and for three weeks my life was despaired of.

My recovery was slow, and it was not till two months after my uncle's death that I could prevail on myself to examine his will. Here again his benevolence appeared ; to his slaves he gave freedom and a sum of money to be divided among them ; to me was left the residue of his fortune ; but what could compensate for the loss of so dear a friend.

A slow fever preyed upon my spirits, and I was advised to try my native air, which advice I readily adopted, and immediately set about arranging my affairs

for my return to Old England ; where, the moment I arrived, I took a post-chaise, and drove to Sutton, my native village.

It was late in the evening when I reached it ; and, being fatigued with travelling, it was noon the next day before I began to explore it.

Alas ! how changed from what I once remembered it. My father's house had been pulled down, the garden and orchard belonging to it all gone, and a neat row of houses stood upon the ground they once occupied ; handsome brick tenements, with smart shops, every where met the view, where I recollected low-roofed cottages.

What an alteration ! said I to myself ; I question if there is an inhabitant remaining, who can tell me of the friends I left behind.

At this moment an elderly woman, leaning over a half-door, and glancing her eye towards me, hastily exclaimed, "Why sure! am I right? An't your name Master Willy Stanton?" I laughed, and told her *that* certainly was the name I went by when I left this neighbourhood; I now recognised in her an old servant of my dear mother's. We were mutually rejoiced at seeing each other. I was quickly invited in, nor do I know which of us two was most pleased, Martha in having all the news to tell, or I to listen to it. Many I inquired after were dead, others married, some had left the place—but the Benson family, said I, what is become of them? for never shall I forget their kindness to me when a boy, and left an orphan.

Martha shook her head. "Ah, Sir," said she, "I have a great deal to tell

you about that family ;” and she thus began :

“ The Bensons, Sir, if I remember right, lived in the High-street, when you went abroad, and were in a very thriving way of business in the wholesale liquor trade, I think they call it, and worthier people never lived ; they had every body’s good word ; and their children, too,—you remember Emma and Louisa Benson, Sir ?” Very little, I replied ; they were infants when I went to Jamaica. “ Well,” resumed Martha, “ they were fine children, and at a proper age they were placed at Miss Edwards’s boarding-school, where they staid seven years ; and to be sure, Sir, they did Miss Edwards great credit, for two cleverer young ladies than the Miss Bensons were, I never saw, fit for any

station in life, and so every body said as well as me.

“ Well, Sir, by this time their business had increased so much, that Mr. Benson gave Mr. Williams (a young man who had been several years with him,) a share in the business ; and very shortly after a match took place between the eldest of the Miss Bensons and this Mr. Williams, to the great satisfaction of the friends on both sides ; and a happier family was never seen, all so fond of one another, and in such a prosperous way of business.

“ Next door to them lived the Widow Morris and her son ; they were in the grocery line, Sir, and had been intimate with the Benson family for many years. I can ’t say I ever liked the widow much ; she was a great talker, and was,

as some people would say, Sir, too civil by half. Her son, James Morris, was thought to be a very clever young man, putting himself forward in every thing; I mean, Sir, in all kind of parish business; and folks said he would one day be a leading man. Some time had elapsed since Morris had been overseer and church-warden; he was now chosen collector of the taxes, and Mr. Benson and his son-in-law became joint securities for young Morris in the sum of two thousand pounds. Now, it so happened that in less than a twelvemonth after this circumstance Mr. Benson and his partner sustained a very considerable loss, by the failure of two houses they had dealings with. This loss startled them; and Mr. Benson observed, it was well for neighbour Morris it did not happen before they were bound for him; as they could not conscientiously

have done it now. A young family was growing up, and it made them, as one would say, begin to look about them.

“ But neighbour Morris was now growing a great man, Sir ; they had quitted their shop, and taken a handsome house, furnished it in a first-rate style, saw a great deal of company ; and it is a fact, Sir, that, from the time they gave great entertainments, the first families in the place used to visit them, and now there was nobody so much talked of as James Morris ; every body’s business was to be settled by him,—‘ Go and consult young Morris ;’ or, ‘ ask James Morris, and he will tell you in a minute what to do.’ Well, Sir, it was Christmas time ; the Bensons had invited some friends, and were to have what I call a merry-making ; and in the evening, just as they were in the midst of their sports

and frolics, a letter came by the post, to inform them that gentleman Morris had run away! Oh, Sir! if you had seen the dreadful change, the distraction that prevailed in this once happy family, who a short time before felt so secure, and now knew they were totally ruined.

The blow was so mighty, and came so unexpected, for, as poor Mrs. Benson said, she should as soon have suspected one of her own children, as James Morris. All was now given up and sold, and Mr. Williams, the son-in-law and partner, was glad to obtain the situation of a clerk in the counting-house of a merchant. And now, Sir, had it not been for the good education which Mr. Benson had given his daughters, what would have become of the family?

“ Miss Benson opened a school di-

rectly, and it is now the principal means of their support'; but bless you, Sir, Mr. Benson has never held up his head since the affair of Morris; he seems scarcely to live, and seldom speaks but to complain."

I now became impatient, and interrupted Martha,—But where can I see this dear and afflicted family? "I will shew you directly," said Martha. I followed my conductor into a neat house, and was immediately introduced to the family. There sat in an arm-chair by the fire, the once joyous Mr. Benson, but without one spark of his former hilarity; his eyes fixed on the fender, were just raised, but without recognition; his wife, on the opposite side, rose at my entrance, and civilly asked me to be seated. Her recollection of me was recalled by Martha, and my return was

hailed by the whole family with surprise and pleasure. This momentary gleam soon faded from the features of poor Benson, the bitterness of his reflections had sunk deep. By the relation of my adventures (if such they may be called,) I awakened his attention for a short time.

By degrees I led him to converse on his own affairs ; and took occasion to execrate the wretch who, by his duplicity, had brought ruin upon so worthy a family. This, I found, had some effect ; he gave vent to his feelings, censured himself for his folly, and when he had thus poured out the whole of his sufferings, I took the opportunity of pointing out the comforts he had yet left. To this he listened ; but said, the tone of his mind was gone,—he could never repay the kindness, the efforts, his family had made to save him. “ Not so, my dear

Sir, you have yet much in your power, if you are not wanting to yourself. I am a lone man, but my means are adequate to more than all our wants, and where can I better dispose of myself and property than in a family who seem preserved for me as a link in the chain which binds me to life. Neither let the prosperous villany of Morris prey upon your spirits, for, if I am rightly informed, the French are at this time in possession of Ham-
burgh, which you say is the place of his retreat, and you well know what must follow in such an event."

Suffice it to say, my offers were cordially accepted; I became an inmate in the family, and, instead of being lost in the ocean of life, I here found my kindred drop, and the pearl of content was the reward.

The morning of Mr. Benson's life had

opened fine, and promised fair for happiness ; as day advanced, heavy storms arose and totally obscured the prospect ; darkness seemed fast approaching, but towards evening the clouds dispersed ; again the sun shone forth, and set serenely bright.

GOOD COUNSEL.

“ NOW, Henry,” said Mrs. Lenox, “ instead of cutting that stick to pieces, and spoiling a good knife, as you are of an age to do something, try if you cannot make yourself useful.”

“ Oh yes ! Mamma, I should like that very well ; what shall I do ? ”

“ Why, you know the poor boy that we employed to weed the garden is

taken ill ; you might help to clear away the weeds, and when he is well, he will thank you, and you will have the pleasure of having done a good action, as I cannot stop his pay, and I do not like to see my flowers choked up."

" But, Mamma," replied Henry, " you know I never did this sort of work ; and I am not a poor boy, nor a gardener."

" I thought you wished to be useful ;— so because the work is not to your mind you will not do it ; you may not always have it in your power to choose ; and you do not know the advantage of making yourself useful.

" I will tell you what happened at the village of Hendon. There were two boys residing there about your own age ; one was the son of a rich merchant, whose country-house was there ; the other was a gardener's son, and used to

help his father, who was employed to work in the grounds of the merchant.

“ This boy, whose name was James Wilson, was diligent and good-tempered, willing to do whatever he was set about, and by that means learned many things ; he would sometimes assist the carpenter, and could handle a saw or a plane tolerably well ; with this disposition I need not tell you that he was a great favourite.

“ William Somers, because he was the son of a rich man, was told by the servants (who knew no better,) that he was to be a gentleman, and not work, but ride about all day on a fine horse, see fine sights, and wear fine clothes.

This language he had been used to hear when he was very young, and his uncle, who was very fond of him, inculcated much the same notions. A whip

became his favourite toy ; and, now that he was of an age to be better employed, he was seldom without one in his hand, with which he used to go about, smacking and lashing whatever came in his way.

“ James Wilson had a little dog, which used to follow him into the grounds, and would lay on his clothes while he was at work, and remain very quiet.

“ William Somers would often come into the garden while James was busy, and would find fault, or give directions, without knowing any thing about the matter ; he would also make use of taunting speeches, and jeer at the ragged dress of poor James, who took no notice but went on with his work ; until one day that William attempted to use his whip on the dog, when the gardener's son seized it, and in the struggle it was broke, and young William thrown on

the ground, who, finding himself not strong enough for his adversary, went into the house, and complained to his mother, telling the story his own way.

“ The poor boy was dismissed from the grounds ; and as that was the only way in which he could be of use to his father, he was obliged to send him to sea, it being the wish of the lad himself.

“ Here his good temper and willingness to be of use, soon made him friends ; he became an excellent seaman, and his captain was heard to say that James would one day distinguish himself, and might perhaps obtain the command of a ship.

“ In the mean time, William had gone through the routine of school education, as most boys do who are possessed of the notion that they shall have little occasion for it. It was sufficient,

he thought, that he could sign his name to an order on his banker, and that he could read the common tracts and pamphlets of the day.

“ He had, as the servants foretold, rode fine horses, seen fine sights, and worn fine clothes ; but for any useful purpose he was totally unfit.

“ He was, however, called to business sooner than he imagined ; his father, from great ventures, had met with great losses, which preying on his spirits, had injured his health ; and his son, now Mr. William Somers, was obliged to take a voyage to India, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with his father’s affairs, and settling some important arrangements. By one of those chances which sometimes happen, young Somers took his passage on board the ship in which James Wilson was a seaman.

“ William Somers held, what is called, a high rank in society ; his situation gave him consequence in his own opinion, as well as in that of most others. His meeting with James was rather embarrassing, occasioned by the pride of his station, and shame for having done him an injustice. .

“ James Wilson was not without his share of pride, but it was of another kind ; it was the pride of independence and conscious usefulness.

“ The recollection, however, of former times would have subdued that pride, and probably induced them to acknowledge each other before the end of the voyage ; but a circumstance took place which brought them together much sooner than was expected.

“ The vessel had been delayed by contrary winds, and was driven considerably out of her course, and by that

means was much straightened for provisions and water, but still more for the latter, when they fortunately discovered land.

“ The captain thought it expedient to make towards it, and see if, by any chance, they could supply themselves.

“ The chief mate, who had been long in the service, was aware of the danger and uncertainty of the expedition. The captain (a young man,) persisted in his resolution; their conversation was apart, and therefore not overheard by any of the ship's crew. The boat was manned, and James was ordered to conduct the enterprise. Mr. Somers was desirous of getting on shore, and with his fowling-piece, accompanied the party. They entered by a creek, or inlet of water, and landed as many of the men as was thought necessary, leaving the rest to take care of the boat.

“ Mr. Somers and James, for the first time exchanged civilities. The face of the country was unequal, the verdure fresh, and the woods rose in great abundance. Every care was taken to guard against surprise, as the character of the natives was unknown.

“ The business of the expedition engaged the attention of James and his party ; sport that of Mr. Somers. First keeping to the borders, he afterwards entered the wood, and was too eagerly employed to mark the way, or use the precautions agreed upon.

“ The signal was now made for returning to the boat, which was answered by all but Somers ; it was repeated to as little purpose, And as the only chance left was that of seeking him, James took this task upon himself.

“ He accordingly made every exertion both of speed and signal, but to no

purpose; and found by his watch that he had only time to return and gain his companions.

“ Lamenting the fate of the young man, he was about to retrace his steps, when he was suddenly crossed by several of the natives, who seemed to have dropped from the clouds, so well had they managed their concealment.

“ Resistance was useless, his arms were seized, and his hands secured by strong thongs. He was then obliged to march along with the savages, and at the close of the day, came to the hut of him who seemed to be their chief.

“ Here he found the disconsolate Somers, bound like himself, and lying in an obscure corner of the hut. James was dragged to the same place; a piece of matting thrown across a line, separated them from the rest of the family, which consisted of the chief, his wife,

and two children, one of them an infant.

“The two prisoners passed a miserable night; all that the imagination could suggest of torture and cruelty presented itself to the mind of Somers; his former habits of indolence and ease heightened the dreadful contrast.

“Nor was the mind of Wilson without great fears; he was sufficiently acquainted with the nature of his situation, and was turning in his mind, every means by which he could effect his escape, or avoid the fate which seemed to await them—that of death or slavery. The groans and sighs of his companion added more weight to his sorrow.

“The morning came, and the savage, after looking upon them with a ferocious smile, examined the bands and found them secure.

“He then took his arms and left the hut, his elder boy went with him, while the wife with her infant remained.

“Wilson was enabled to examine every part of the place of his confinement, and observed where the mother had laid her child, while she prepared her meal. She went in and out at short intervals, but at length was induced to stay longer from some circumstance in her out-of-door occupations, and Wilson thrusting aside more of the matting for the purpose of further discovery, was struck with horror at seeing a snake gliding towards the place where the infant lay.

“His hands were bound but he was able by some exertion to get upon his feet, and following with great caution, the snake in its progress, before it had raised its head to the pillow of the child,

it was crushed by his foot ; it writhed but without the power to hurt.

“ The mother at that instant entered, and seeing a man standing close to her infant, imagined he had murdered it; she gave a loud shriek, and flew toward the spot ; where the mangled remains of the reptile, and the safety of her child, showed her what had taken place.

“ She fell at the feet of her captive, bathed them with her tears, and testified every emotion of gratitude.

“ She did not indeed loose his bands, but by every sign made him understand, she was interested in his safety. A portion of her meal was set before him, and her kindness was also extended to the wretched Somers.

“ Before the return of her husband, she placed herself at the entrance of the dwelling, her infant in her arms, and the

body of the snake at her feet; and in this posture she was found by him.

“ After a conference of some length, they both entered. The savage chief went up to his captives, surveyed them attentively, and with much apparent concern, shook his head.

“ The woman appeared greatly agitated, and by the earnestness of her gestures, it was easy to discern there was danger still awaiting them; and the night was again passed in dreadful presages.

“ On the morrow there was no preparations for the chase, and the savage upon leaving his hut, threw over him a kind of mantle, bordered and rudely ornamented. Distant sounds were heard and by degrees approached.

“ They were not long in doubt of the meaning; several persons now entered along with the chief: the prisoners

were by signs ordered to follow them out; and saw a considerable number in different parts.

“ They were conducted to a circle formed by the natives, distinguished by the same kind of mantle, which was worn by him to whom they were captives.

“ They were placed in the midst, and the conference began; in which was used great violence. The chief to whom they belonged, in haste rose up, and stripping the mantle from his shoulders, threw it hastily on the ground; he stood motionless as a statue, his finger pointing to where it lay.—A dead silence ensued,—when an old man rose from the circle, and in his turn pointing to the mantle, it was immediately seized by its owner, and replaced on his shoulders: the assembly then broke up.

“ Wilson and his companion were re-

leased ; and in conclusion found, that by the spirited interference of their master, they had exchanged a cruel death for slavery, and they were soon made to understand the nature of their employment.

“ A spade, evidently of European manufacture, was put in the hands of each, and a piece of ground was given them to clear.

“ Here the dexterity of James and his powers of labour, were brought into contrast with the feeble efforts of his companion. The unfinished task of Somers, brought him severe punishment; he was ill fed, ill lodged, and sore beaten; while James Wilson was cherished in the same way that we do a favourite or valuable horse.

“ Two years passed on in various kind of work, and a knowledge of the lan-

guage was partially attained; by which they learned that some traffick was carried on at a distance from them; and as European articles were found in the hut of their chief, they were at no loss to conjecture the means by which they came there.

From this circumstance the hope of escape arose, but they well knew the attempt, in case of failure, would be death, in a more terrible shape than that from which they had lately escaped.

Wilson had become of so much value to his owner, and in such a variety of ways, that his situation was made comparatively comfortable, and he was also able to procure some favour for his helpless companion.

He obtained so much the confidence of his master, that he was sometimes permitted to accompany him on his excu-

sions, and once on a journey of traffic ; but on this occasion it was only to a certain distance, where he was left at the foot of a mountain, along with some of the natives in the service of the chief ; whose absence did not exceed six days, as many had been taken up in their journey to this place.

“ Journeys of this description took place at stated periods. It then became a matter of calculation at what time they should make the attempt, and a short time previous to one of these expeditions was determined on.

“ In all this, Somers was helpless and passive ; the time when released from his work was spent in comparing his present, with his former life, or in unavailing regrets.

“ The period, however, arrived for the enterprise, and it was chosen during a

hunting season, when they were left in the care of a few natives, whose vigilance was not very active during the absence of their chief. Provisions were secured in such a way, as was least suspicious, and the night was considered the proper time for the attempt.

“ There was little difficulty in passing their guards, though the perturbation of Somers was such, as might under other circumstances have rendered their scheme impracticable.

“ They directed their course towards the mountain, using every precaution both of eye and ears, as they had to fear, not only pursuit, but the chance of meeting with parties in the chase ; and were once so near, that they were obliged to secure themselves in a marsh, where they stood for some time with only their heads out of the water, scarce daring to breathe.

When released from this situation, they did not venture to pursue their flight, till the close of the day, and the night was no less perilous, on account of wild beasts.

“ The morning appeared, and to their great joy, brought them in sight of the mountain, though from its distance another day must be spent in arriving at its base; which when they had accomplished, they paused and took some refreshment, after which Wilson began to exert his skill in directing their course over the mountain.

“ He had obtained some slight knowledge of the coast on which they were, and also contrived by indirect means, to gain information that the ocean was in a south-west direction from the mountain. Their progress was often retarded by the feebleness of Somers, who but for

the help of his companion must have perished by the way.

“ The ascent of the mountain was no less laborious than the other part of their journey; and when its summit was gained, an extended space lay before them. The sun was obscured and the extent could not be ascertained; but as the day advanced, and about the midway of their descent, the clouds dispersed, and gave them a prospect which cheered and invigorated them.

“ The ocean was seen, and in the verge of the horizon their imagination made them believe they could discern ships, as specks dimly seen.

“ They had now a point to direct their steps, and with great fatigue and exertion reached the object of their wishes. The shore was broken and abrupt, and in many parts the rocks rose

to a prodigious height ; their base afforded a shelter, and weariness made it acceptable.

“ James had calculated the time so well, that whether the natives, or the expected vessels, would arrive soonest was hardly to be guessed ; their anxiety was great, and their situation alarming.

“ Many expedients were devised for their personal safety, so as to make their little stock of provisions last ; much of their time was spent on the top of the rocks, watching, and preparing signals. At the close of the third day, after their arrival, it was their good fortune to discover a sail, and soon after there appeared another, evidently in chase of the first ; and, gaining upon it, an action began, in the course of which they approached so near the land, that one of them ran a-ground ; and a boat

was seen making towards the disabled ship.

“The return of day gave to their view the two vessels, and as it appeared there was no chance of getting the stranded one afloat, they were busy in unlading the cargo.

“The distance was such as made the poor adventurers tremble, lest their signals should not be observed.

“At last a boat was seen making for shore, but in a different direction, to where they were stationed; they lost no time in hastening to the spot, and before the crew had reached the land, they had placed themselves with extended arms to hail their approach.

“It appeared that an English sloop of war, had given chase to a Portuguese slave-trader, that the contest had been very severe, and in conclusion the enemy's

vessel was driven on shore with great loss.

“ Wilson and Somers were received on board, and it may be imagined how joyful they were made by this release. The Captain was soon acquainted with their situation, and their passage to England or elsewhere was to be worked out. In this Wilson was not only found to be an expert sailor, but useful on many other accounts.

“ His willingness and kind disposition, were properly appreciated ; and in the course of the voyage he assisted as carpenter, kept the boatswain's accounts, and was sometimes of service even in the cabin.

“ On their way to England they fell in with an outward-bound fleet of Indiamen, and Somers found no difficulty in obtaining a passage to India. The young

men parted with mutual regard and not without some regret; they had been partners in misery, and Somers would have been well content that Wilson should have shared with him in better fortune; and but for the persuasion of the captain, James would have accompanied his friend to Calcutta.

There is very little more of adventure to relate; James Wilson continued in the service, till by his good conduct and the usual gradations, he obtained the birth of chief mate on board an India-man; and from the circumstance of his gallant behaviour in an engagement with a French privateer, in which his captain fell, (though with great loss, the India-man with her rich cargo, was brought safely into port.) He had succeeded to the command of the vessel, during the rest of the voyage, and was confirmed

in that command on his arrival in England when the particulars became known.

James, (now Captain) Wilson, had placed his parents in a comfortable situation, and had retired with a considerable fortune. He had chosen the country for his residence, and between the occupation of farming and the exercise of hospitality, passed his time pleasant to himself and useful to his neighbours. An occasional journey to the metropolis, varied the scene and gave value to his retirement.

It was on one of these London trips, that he visited the India House, (where he had many friends) and among the groups who are daily seen there, with folded arms, and listless looks, his attention was arrested by one, who seemed to single him out with an expression of earnest inquiry; and after a

short pause, Wilson recognized his friend Somers.

His story was soon told ; it was that of many other indolent young men, who, from early habits of expense, and self-confidence, dissipate in the hope that those who have partaken in their excesses, would in their turn administer to their necessities, or supply the means of future subsistence. This was tried ; and in the usual way he first experienced their pity, and then their neglect ; till thrown upon the world and his own exertions, he found his powers both of body and mind insufficient for the bare purposes of living.

Somers, on his arrival in India, found that the news of his father's death had preceded him ; and also that account was brought by the ship in which he first em-

barked, that himself and Wilson had been left among the savages. In whatever hands the affairs of his father had fallen, he was not calculated to discover how far all had been justly administered ; and was therefore obliged to take up with the statements that were made. What remained to him, with prudent management, might have secured a moderate independence, instead of which it had escaped he knew not how, and he was now in attendance at the India House, upon some vague promise of employment as a writer ; when it was his good fortune to meet with Captain Wilson, whose interest did that for him which his own solicitations could never have effected.

The situations of the gardener's son and that of the merchant's were now completely changed ; and I hope, my dear Henry, the relation will not be lost

upon you ; and remember, that whatever may be your rank in society, if you are not useful you are worse than nothing.

BUTCHER AND HIS DOG.

IN the summer of 1796, the village of Henden was one morning thrown into great alarm. The dead body of James Watson, (or, as he was called, the Thriving Butcher,) was found on the road leading to Hampstead, bruised and mangled in a shocking manner ; he had been robbed, and, as it appeared, must have made great resistance.

A few weeks previous to this catastrophe, James Watson was taking his accustomed walk to Hampstead, where it was his invariable rule to spend his evenings at Jack Straw's castle, a public house so called.

His natural courage and the company of a faithful dog, made the road or the hour a matter of indifference to him. He was an industrious fellow, and, but for a little of what is called *Fancy*, which is a name given to boxing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, &c. &c., had he lived, might have become an opulent man; but his skill in these games, (as they are called,) and the habits he contracted in consequence, gave a bias to his disposition, which counteracted every advantage that wealth might have promised.

One of the *Fancies* was that of training dogs to the sport; that is, of increasing the ferocity of their nature, by setting them scientifically to worry each other; and it will hardly be imagined to what a degree of skillful barbarity the nature of these useful and faithful creatures may be perverted.

For instance, the modes of attack and

defence are practised by these animals in the following manner: They are sometimes taught to seize the right paw of their adversary, which is more than any dog can bear, and it was by this means that many battles were won by a favourite dog, until another was brought against him which had been taught to withdraw the right paw on the attack being made, and the advantage thus obtained was hailed with shouts of applause by the brutal throng, and the exclamations of, "Oh! pretty! pretty!" were applied to an act that would have disgraced a savage.

It was on one of these trials of skill that James Watson was on his way to Hampstead; a wager was depending on the issue of a battle between his favourite dog Trusty, and another of the same breed; when at a part of the road least frequented there appeared two men

whose evil designs were sufficiently apparent.

James was known to bet high, and of course to be in cash on these occasions ; he had been probably marked. Nothing daunted at their approach, he took his measures with great judgment ; laying hold of the dog by his collar, he civilly desired them to keep the opposite side of the road, telling them, at the same time, that his dog was very fierce. The men, however, were bent on a desperate errand, and were not to be intimidated.

The attack was made, and the dog let loose, who, together with his master, found them sufficient employment ; till another of the gang coming up, Watson thought it expedient to consult his own safety by flight, leaving the faithful animal to contend the matter alone.

He arrived at the place of his appointment, related the adventure, and la-

mented the probability that he should not be able to fulfil his engagement, as there seemed little chance that his dog could escape. The amateurs, much disappointed, were beginning to make new arrangements, when the arrival of Trusty (much wounded) put an end to every thing but that of applauding and admiring the faithful animal.

The wounds were found to be deep, but not thought dangerous ; he had lost a great deal of blood, yet seemed animated at seeing his master. Elated by his prowess, and hoping to obtain still more distinction, Watson declared himself ready to fight his dog, stipulating for an hour to recover him.

He had scarcely made the proposal when a strong feeling of disgust was expressed by some of the party ; others thought the sacrifice of an animal was nothing, in comparison to a hinderance of the sport

The man with whom the wager had been laid, to fight his dog against Watson's, found the temptation too great to forego its advantages, for humanity weighs nothing against avarice ; and it was presently settled.

In the mean time Watson had two or three quarrels upon his hands, and one of them was to be settled in the usual way, as soon as the affair of the dogs was over, which took place at the expiration of the hour.

It would be miserable to detail the particulars of the cruel contest, which ended as might have been expected by the loss of the faithful creature, who had probably saved the life of his unfeeling master, against whom a double share of indignation was expressed.

The butcher now took his turn in a contest that promised no ordinary issue, for his antagonist was determined on

more than victory, *punishment* was also *his* object.

Watson was no less enraged; his loss and the reproaches of most of the company, stung him to madness; in the combat he was permitted to spend his strength without much injury to his adversary; and in conclusion, he found he had got enough.

He was conveyed home, and a fortnight elapsed before he recovered the use of his limbs. To meet his associates and to make more bets, was the first use he made of returning health; the accustomed walk to Hampstead was resumed, but not unobserved; the gang who had formerly beset him, were determined on a reprisal.

He had now no dog to defend him, but trusted to his weapon and his courage in the event of an assault; it was not long before that courage was put to t'

proof. He was again waylaid, and, being without his faithful Trusty to make a diversion in his favour, fell in the contest ; his remains were found as before-mentioned.

The wise and compassionate did not fail to remark the justice of his punishment, for the cruelty of his conduct to his faithful dog.

THE SHOWER.

“ OH ! Mamma,” said Harriet, quite out of breath, “ I can hardly speak,—I ran all the way,—I am wet through,—what shall I do ? I am ready to faint.”

“ Then, pray my dear, do not exhaust yourself, but go and desire Mary to change your clothes, and then I will tell you what you should not do on such occasions.”

Harriet soon returned, and began further details of the wet and the hurry ; the rain had overtaken her when she was half-way home, and fearing to spoil a new bonnet, she had made such haste,—but to no purpose, the bonnet was quite spoiled,—how sorry she was. “Sorrow, my child, can do no good in matters which have taken place, unless it makes us endeavour to manage better in future.”

“How, mamma ! I cannot help being caught in a shower, nor can I hinder it from raining.” “Very true, but there are some things (as I said,) which you should not do ; that is, you should not run yourself out of breath and heat yourself ; to walk in the rain will not injure you, provided you keep yourself in moderate exercise, sufficient to prevent your becoming chilled ; nor must you at any

time sit in your wet clothes, or omit to change your shoes.

“ There is great use in taking notice of the clouds ; I have seen people walk quietly on, when a shower was ready to burst over their heads, and which they might have easily avoided by a little observation. You can always tell which way the wind blows, and if the clouds look dark and heavy towards that part from which it comes, (though it should be fair overhead,) you may then make for home, or the nearest shelter ; but never remain long in a passage, or any place through which a thorough air passes ; this is often worse than getting wet. Any sudden change from heat to cold is bad, or from cold to heat, as that of coming near the fire after being exposed to a frosty atmosphere. But your glove, Harriet, is not only wet, but is all

over dirt; did you fall in your haste?"

"Oh, no, mamma, but in pulling them off to tie my bonnet tighter, I let one fall, and in my hurry did not perceive it; a little girl picked it up, and ran after me with it." "Did you give her any thing?"

"No, mamma," "nor thank her"; I thought—I was in such a hurry,"—

"Enough; in this omission you have unthinkingly been guilty of injustice, nor are you sure the next thing this child finds will be returned to its owner."

"I will tell you what happened from a similar circumstance."

"In a late trial, a young woman was brought to the Bar, whose appearance was above the common rank, and whose modest and penitent behaviour interested the court greatly in her favour. The charge was that of stealing lace, and it was brought home to her by such evi-

dence, that the jury were reluctantly compelled to bring her in guilty; and the sentence of transportation was passed upon her, but she was strongly recommended to mercy.

“ At the end of the sessions one of the jury was induced to visit this poor girl in the prison, for the purpose of knowing by what steps she had been led to the commission of the crime for which she was about to be punished. He had the satisfaction of announcing to her that her sentence was mitigated from seven years transportation to one year's solitary confinement.

“ She expressed her thankfulness with tears of gratitude; and while thus softened by contrition, most willingly gave an account of her misconduct, and the occasion which led to it.

“ Her father was a day-labourer, who,

to the neglect of his family, added the vice of drunkenness; so that at the end of the week very little was brought home towards their maintenance; but her mother, by means of her industry, contrived to keep the family, which consisted of a brother and two sisters.

“ At an early period this young woman became fond of dress, but not possessing the means to indulge this liking, she was continually pondering on the way by which it might be effected.

“ The articles of dress which her mother had to wash, frequently tempted her, and she sometimes made a temporary use of them, which was followed by a strong desire to retain them as her own, which the carelessness of servants seemed sometimes to favour.

“ In this fluctuating state of mind she was sent on an errand into the town,

where she followed two ladies, who, in crossing the principal street (apparently dressed for a visit,) the ground being slippery, one of them was near falling; in her confusion she dropped her reticule, or work-bag, containing her card-money, and other matters. The unfortunate girl, who followed them, picked it up, and hastily glancing her eye over the contents, was about to appropriate it to her own use; when a better motive prevailed, and, running after the owner, she apprized her of her loss. The lady turned hastily round, took possession of her property, and as hastily walked on, without either thanking or rewarding her.

“ From that moment she bid adieu to honesty; and, from a few successful petty thefts, she became more daring, till a repetition of crimes brought her to the situation I have before described.

“ You must never think lightly of

small things, my dear Harriet; and though every omission of civility, or neglect of duty, may not be attended by such consequences, they leave impressions on the mind (more especially of the ignorant,) which cannot fail of being prejudicial to society."

THE BULLFINCH.

A BULLFINCH having built her nest in a wood, near which some bird-catchers often spread their nets, was fearful that her little ones, when they grew up and came to fly abroad, would be enticed into the snares by the decoy birds, which were employed for that purpose. In order to deter her young from this mischief, she told them these birds were wicked monsters, who would certainly devour them, if they once came within their power.

The young ones were terrified at this account, and promised their mother never to go near them ; but one, more observing than the rest, had remarked that these birds, so far from appearing to have any hostile intention, were very civil to all who approached, and frequently invited them to partake of their food.

Young Bulley, who was very fond of company, soon introduced himself to their acquaintance ; and the decoy birds, knowing that a bullfinch would be a prize to their master, used all their endeavours to entice him into the lure. They gave him a fine account of the life they led, the dainties on which they fed, and the handsome way in which they were lodged ; added to which, their master was equally kind to any friend they chose to invite.

Bulley thought all this very delightful, and was just going to accept their civi-

lities, when his mother, from a tree close by, seeing his danger, hastily called him away, and chided him for disobeying her commands. "I am sorry, dear mother, to have offended you, but you are much mistaken in supposing these birds to be our enemies." He then told the old bird all that had passed, finishing with their kindness in asking him to live with them.

"My child," said the mother, "you have had an escape; these birds are employed by a master more wicked than themselves; one of those huge unfeathered monsters, of whom we stand so much in dread; if once you get into his power, you will be put to death without mercy." Bulley heard these cautions with apparent submission, but with secret incredulity; for he recollected he had been deceived in one instance, and thought it probable he might be in another. So, very soon after this, he was caught in the

snare ; for, continuing to visit his treacherous acquaintance, he was prevailed on to partake of their fare ; and was in the act of bidding them farewell, when, to his great consternation, he found the net drawn over him, and the next moment was seized by the owner, and put into a narrow cage. Bulley was now left to feel all the wretchedness of his situation, and nothing could exceed his despair ; he beat himself against the wires of his prison, and exhausted his strength in vain efforts to escape.

He was sold to a lady, residing at no great distance from the place where he was caught. He was here hung near a window, in a splendid gilt cage in the midst of honeysuckles and jasmines, the sweets of which brought no relief, in exchange for liberty.

His mother, from the time she had missed him, was continually on the wing,

and at last discovered him by his plaintive cries; she flew to the spot, and poured out her complaints, not unmingled with reproaches for her son's disobedience, which had now brought him into captivity. "Ah, mother," replied Bulley, "had you told me I should have only lost my liberty, it would have been sufficient; but by going beyond the truth you led me to doubt of all.

Here a robin, who had heard what had passed, interposed a word of advice: "My friends," said the redbreast, "recrimination is useless, where there have been faults on both sides. The mother, who, through over anxiety to preserve her children from mischief, threatens them with what is worse than the reality, must expect to be doubted. But, on the other hand (addressing the younger bird,) ought you to have placed more confidence in strangers than in your mother, wh

has brought you up with so much tenderness, and who could have no motive in deceiving you, but for your good.

“ The loss of liberty is a just punishment for your presumption and disobedience ; as it is, you are fortunate to have fallen into such humane hands, (I speak from experience,) the lady to whom you belong is a friend to all the feathered race ; you will be taken care of, and may still be happy, if you do not aggravate your misfortune by useless regret.” The robin ceased, and Bulley, feeling the truth of what he had said, endeavoured to make himself content with the good he might still enjoy. The mother-bird, who frequently visited him, soon had the satisfaction of hearing him sing, and seeing him reconciled to his fate.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

